

LITERARY Cavalcade

TEACHER EDITION • NOVEMBER 1951 • VOL. 4, NO. 2

Lesson Plans

Topics for Discussion

Activities

Vocabulary

Reading Lists

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One-Period Lesson Plan

There's No Place to Hide

Aim

To show pupils that we serve our own best interests only when our actions are determined by a concern for the people around us.

Motivation

Have you ever wished that you could somehow escape to a desert island rather than face up to a certain situation? Have you ever had an experience that made you realize that each individual influences the people around him and is also influenced by them?

Topics for Discussion

1. "The Sniper" (p. 1)

Do you find any indication before the end of the story that the sniper thinks of the people he kills as human beings? Do you get the impression that killing others is distasteful to him?

Which of the following observations seems to you most closely to express the theme of the story?

a. A man engaged in the business of life and death can't afford to indulge in sentimentality. He is justified in killing anyone—even his brother—who may otherwise kill him first. Survival of the fittest is the law of this world.

b. Most wrongs are committed in the nighttime of confusion, when things do not appear in their true forms. Seen in such darkness, another man is a mere object, remote from our concern. Only by viewing his features in the light of reason can we recognize that this man is our brother.

c. Courage and resourcefulness are the most useful qualities a fighting-man can have. He must always be able to think faster and act more quickly than his enemy.

2. "A Skeptical Chemist Looks into the Crystal Ball" (p. 5)

Some people in the United States are opposed to our ever-increasing expenditures for military purposes. Like Tessie in *The Lottery*, they would like to "pretend to themselves that there's no such thing" as a Soviet threat to world peace. What would Conant's answer to such people be? Does Conant seem to think that by the end of this century men will set aside selfish considerations in the interests of universal peace? Do you agree or disagree with his prophecy for the future? Discuss.

3. "The Lottery"

Define the word "scapegoat." Who is the scapegoat in this story? Can you think of any historical or contemporary instances where a minority group has become the scapegoat of an unthinking majority? What are some of the reasons suggested in this play to explain why people put up with the prejudice, fear, and hate which the scapegoat-lottery symbolizes? What is the function of the Stranger? By what means does he suggest that such a terrible thing as the lottery may be abolished? Do you think his suggestion also applies to injustices which concern a whole nation or the entire world?

4. "Cotton in My Ears" (p. 24)

Do you think that the author was courageous or foolish to try to hide her deafness for so long? Has anyone in your acquaintance ever tried to keep a "secret" about himself because of fear, shame, or pride? Have you? Do you think that it is generally true, as Miss Warfield discovered, that we don't really fool people about ourselves, no matter how hard we try to? Mention as many things as you can that people

often try foolishly to keep from others (i.e., family backgrounds, poor or good school grades, personal failures, etc.).

Suggested Activities

1. "The Sniper" (p. 1)

Read several stories in Liam O'Flaherty's most recent collection, *Two Lovely Beasts and Other Stories*. Compare these stories with "The Sniper." Do you think O'Flaherty is better at one type of story than another? Explain why or why not.

2. "A Strange, Uncommon Sight" (p. 3)

The theme of this story is suggested in the first paragraph: "We ourselves may appear as unusual to others as others appear to us." Describe in a short written sketch how Tom Welsh appeared to Red Blanket's daughter, pointing out what characteristics might have made this trapper strike the Indian woman as "a strange, uncommon sight." Or use the same idea to describe how strange a man appears to a monkey, an American to an Eskimo, or a white person to an African.

3. "A Skeptical Scientist Looks Into the Crystal Ball" (p. 5)

Using the information you have derived from this selection, outline the points that might be made pro and con in a debate between President Conant and another person on this proposition: "Scientists should be prevented by law from carrying on any research which might be appropriated for purposes of destruction." Specify which side of the argument Conant would support.

4. "There Is a Man Hiding" (p. 6)

"There Is a Man Hiding" depends for its effect upon suspense. What elements in the story serve to heighten suspense? What facts, for instance, are hidden from the reader until the end? In what ways does the author deliberately mis-

lead us as to what to expect? Make a list of as many sources of suspense as you can find in the story.

5. Poetry (p. 13)

Here are some Halloween rhyme-pairs. Try to write a Halloween poem using them as line-endings. The poems in this issue will give you ideas as to what can be done with the subject. *Witch-pitch, night-fright, bats-cats, shriek-sneak, scare-tear, creep-sweep, bones-groans, magic-tragic, gloom-doom.*

6. "Young Voices" (p. 14)

In a short paragraph or two, tell which of the four student writers whose work appears in this section you would most like to know, and explain why by referring to what that student wrote.

7. Case of Sherlock Holmes

Read and report to the class on one of the Sherlock Holmes mysteries. Outline the crime that was committed, and ask if anyone can guess how Holmes solved it. Then describe Holmes' solution.

8. The Lottery (p. 18)

a. Read the short story by Shirley Jackson from which this TV script is adapted (*The Lottery and Other Stories*, by Shirley Jackson, Farrar-Straus). Report to the class on the differences between the original story and the dramatized version. Present your own ideas as to the possible reasons for the changes that were made.

b. Write an analytical character sketch of one of the following characters, using as your theme a quotation in his own words. (One quotation has been suggested in each case, but you may substitute another if you wish.)

Old Man Warner: "Went with the majority. Majority always right."

Jack: "I don't think about the lottery. I just run it."

Tessie: "It's better for other people to pretend to themselves there's no such thing as a lottery."

Sam: "I got up to say something, but then Jack Summers called me a coward or almost did. And everybody was looking. . . ."

c. Assume that after the lottery described in the play, Sam gathered up the courage to recognize the truth of the Stranger's observation that such a tradition could be broken only when one man had the courage "to say he thought it was wrong, and stand up against it." Present orally to the class the speech he might have made in the town hall on this occasion. Have him refer to the stoning of Tessie as a means of pointing out the evils of the lottery.

9. Cotton in My Ears (p. 24)

Compare the attitude of Frances Warfield toward her physical handicap with that shown by one of the following authors in the works indicated: John Milton, "On His Blindness" (sonnet); Helen Keller, *Story of My Life*; Katharine Butler Hathaway, *The Little Locksmith*; Betty MacDonald (author of *The Egg and I*), *The Plague and I*.

VOCABULARY EXERCISES

In this month's vocabulary section, we've taken a trip to the zoo. There are 15 words to be defined, all of which were used in this issue of *Literary Cavalcade*.

The sentence will first be read aloud, and then three possible definitions will be given by letter. On a paper numbered 1 to 15, write down the letter of the correct definition. Anyone scoring 13 or over qualifies as a smart fox! When the test is finished, papers will be exchanged and checked. There will be fifteen minutes at the end of the period in which to discuss these words and use them in original sentences.

(Note: Your key to the correct definition is the answer given in italics.)

- Our wire-haired terrier is a *fanatic* about old slippers.
 - secretive
 - excessively enthusiastic*
 - highly destructive
- The pet raccoon made a *fetish* of collecting odd scraps of paper.
 - hobby
 - object of singular devotion*
 - temporary diversion
- The giraffe liked to stand quietly under a tree and *undulate* its neck.
 - scratch
 - wash by licking
 - move in a wavy, up-and-down way*
- The rabbit, hearing an unexpected noise, performed a sudden *pirouette*.
 - a whirling on the toes*
 - startled movement
 - dash, bound
- The writer Jonathan Swift believed that horses were more fit to live in a Utopian world than were human beings.
 - ideal, perfect beyond probability*
 - wholesome, clean
 - rich in natural resources
- The thin, soulful-eyed Chihuahua has an *ascetic* appearance.
 - pertaining to what is beautiful
 - pertaining to rigorous self-denial*
 - humble, pleading
- The family found that the habits of their pet kitten and Great Dane were *mimical* to each other.
 - similar
 - opposed, hostile*
 - congenial

- The wounded tiger fell to the ground in a *paroxysm* of pain.
 - turnout, confusion
 - convulsion, spasm*
 - explosion
- The tropical turtle had a shell that seemed carved of *lapis lazuli*.
 - gold-flaked glass
 - stone of rich azure-blue color*
 - a type of green potter's clay
- The mother and father agreed that a tame mouse might be just the right *therapy* for their convalescent daughter.
 - amusement
 - gift
 - curative treatment*
- The children decided that the dead squirrel should be *interred* in a pop-corn box.
 - stretched out
 - deposited, placed
 - buried*
- Mary Louise owns an *exotic* blue rabbit with long, silky fur.
 - foreign, strange, unusual*
 - nervous, high-strung
 - sluggish, lazy, inactive
- The chipmunk paused on the wall and looked back as though he were subjecting me to a critical *appraisal*.
 - half-hearted approval
 - opinion
 - judgment as to quality*
- The puppy regarded his new master's house as a terrifying *labyrinth* of rooms and furnishings.
 - anything which is unsafe
 - that which is intricate and bewildering*
 - edifice or building
- Monkeys are gifted with the ability to express their emotions in *pantomime*.
 - gibberish
 - dumb show*
 - acrobatics

Answers to

"What Do You Remember?"

The Sniper: 1, b; 2, c.

A Skeptical Chemist Looks into the Crystal Ball: 1, a, c, d; 2, c.

There Is a Man Hiding: 1, a, d, "T"; b, c, "F."

LITERARY CAVALCADE, PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR, ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER AUGUST 31, 1948, AT POST OFFICE AT DAYTON, OHIO, UNDER ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT, 1951, BY SCHOLASTIC CORPORATION. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: 70¢ A SEMESTER; \$1. A SCHOOL YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 25¢. SPECIAL RATES IN COMBINATION WITH WEEKLY SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, McCall ST., DAYTON 1, OHIO. GENERAL AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, LITERARY CAVALCADE, 351 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.



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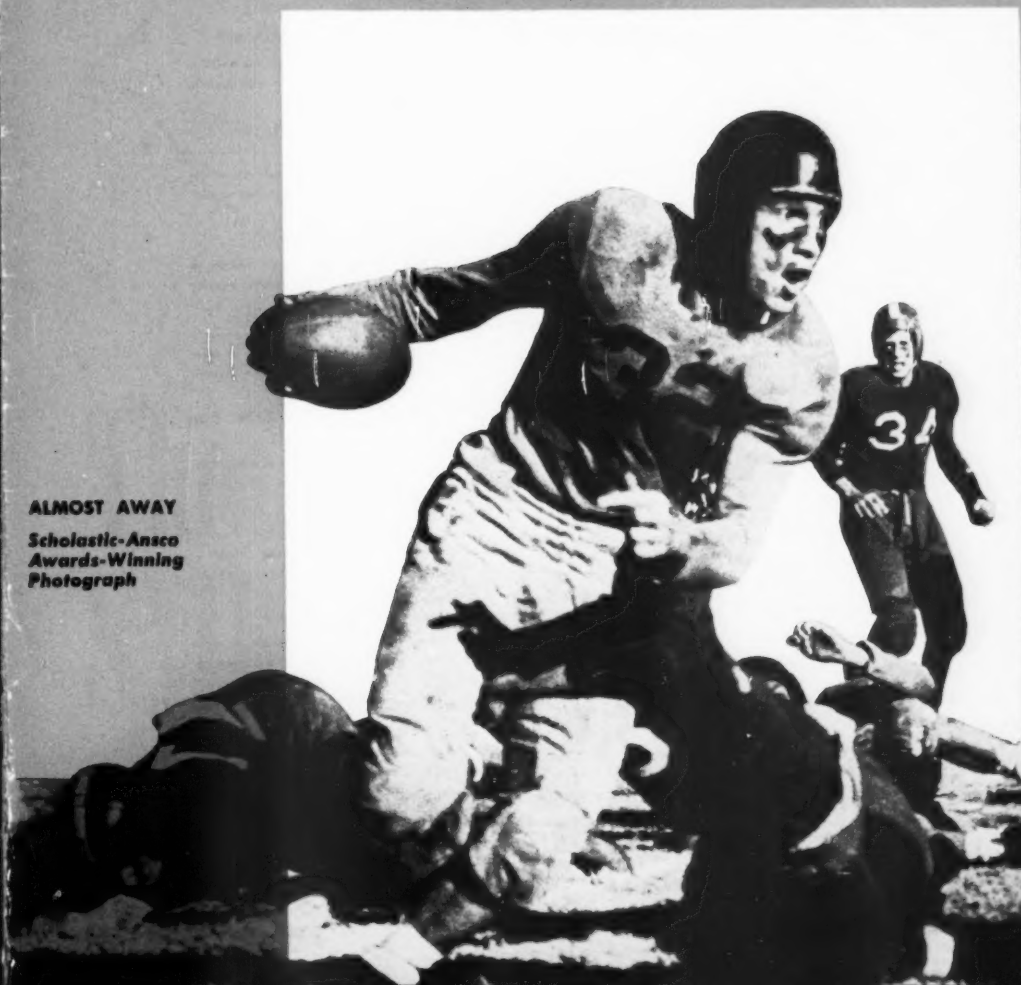
A MONTHLY FOR ENGLISH CLASSES PUBLISHED BY SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES

NOVEMBER, 1951

VOLUME 4

NUMBER 2

ALMOST AWAY
Scholastic-Ansco
Awards-Winning
Photograph



LITERARY CAVALCADE, a Magazine for High School English Classes Published Monthly During the School Year. One of the SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES.

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Literary Cavalcade, published monthly during the school year, entered as second class matter August 31, 1948, at Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Contents copyright 1951 by Scholastic Corporation. Subscription price: 50¢ a semester; \$1.00 a school year. Single copies, 25¢. Special rates in connection with weekly Scholastic magazines. Office of publication: McColl St., Dayton 1, Ohio. General and editorial offices, *Literary Cavalcade*, 351 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

OUR FRONT COVER



The photo on our front cover, taken by Gene Barton of Will Rogers High School, Tulsa, Oklahoma, won an award in the Scholastic-Ansoco Photography Awards. In his shot Gene has captured the excitement of Saturday afternoon at a football game. You can almost "feel" the tension and hear the cheers from the crowded stands. About 170,000 art and photography entries were in the 1951 Scholastic Awards. This total included entries from unsponsored areas, which were screened by preliminary juries at Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, Pa., and entries sent to 41 regional exhibitions cosponsored by Scholastic Magazines and business firms. A total of 1,559 art pieces were selected for display at Carnegie Institute and later at Gimbel's, in New York City. Cash awards were given to 574 entries. More than 100 seniors won tuition scholarships to art schools and colleges.

It is not too soon to begin thinking about—and working toward the 1952 Scholastic Awards, whether in Art or Writing.

LITERARY Cavalcade

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By a clever ruse he outwitted the enemy sniper—
but sometimes a man outwits himself

The SNIPER

By LIAM O'FLAHERTY

THE long June twilight faded into night. Dublin lay enveloped in darkness but for the dim light of the moon that shone through fleecy clouds, casting a pale light as of approaching dawn over the streets and the dark waters of the Liffey. Around the beleaguered Four Courts the heavy guns

roared. Here and there through the city, machine guns and rifles broke the silence of the night, spasmodically, like dogs barking on lone farms. Republicans and Free Staters were waging civil war.

On a roof top near O'Connell Bridge, a Republican sniper lay watching. Beside him lay his rifle and over his shoulders were slung a pair of field glasses. His face was the face of a student, thin and ascetic, but his eyes had the cold gleam of the fanatic. They were deep and thoughtful, the eyes of a man who is used to looking at death.

He was eating a sandwich hungrily. He had eaten nothing since morning. He had been too excited to eat. He finished the sandwich, and, taking a flask of whiskey from his pocket, he took a short draught. Then he returned the flask to his pocket. He paused for a moment, considering whether he should risk a smoke. It was dangerous. The flash might be seen in the darkness, and there were enemies watching. He decided to take the risk.

Placing a cigarette between his lips, he struck a match, inhaled the smoke hurriedly and put out the light. Almost immediately, a bullet flattened itself

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against the parapet of the roof. The sniper took another whiff and put out the cigarette. Then he swore softly and crawled away to the left.

Cautiously he raised himself and peered over the parapet. There was a flash and a bullet whizzed over his head. He dropped immediately. He had seen the flash. It came from the opposite side of the street.

He rolled over the roof to a chimney stack in the rear, and slowly drew himself up behind it, until his eyes were level with the top of the parapet. There was nothing to be seen—just the dim outline of the opposite housetop against the blue sky. His enemy was under cover.

Just then an armored car came across the bridge and advanced slowly up the street. It stopped on the opposite side of the street, fifty yards ahead. The sniper could hear the dull panting of the motor. His heart beat faster. It was an enemy car. He wanted to fire, but he knew it was useless. His bullets would never pierce the steel that covered the gray monster.

Then round the corner of a side street came an old woman, her head covered by a tattered shawl. She began to talk to the man in the turret of the car. She was pointing to the roof where the sniper lay. An informer.

The turret opened. A man's head and shoulders appeared, looking toward the sniper. The sniper raised his rifle and fired. The head fell heavily on the

turret wall. The woman darted toward the side street. The sniper fired again. The woman whirled round and fell with a shriek into the gutter.

Suddenly from the opposite roof a shot rang out and the sniper dropped his rifle with a curse. The rifle clattered to the roof. The sniper thought the noise would wake the dead. He stopped to pick the rifle up. He couldn't lift it. His forearm was dead. "I'm hit," he muttered.

Dropping flat onto the roof, he crawled back to the parapet. With his left hand he felt the injured right forearm. The blood was oozing through the sleeve of his coat. There was no pain—just a deadened sensation, as if the arm had been cut off.

Quickly he drew his knife from his pocket, opened it on the breastwork of the parapet, and ripped open the sleeve. There was a small hole where the bullet had entered. On the other side there was no hole. The bullet had lodged in the bone. It must have fractured it. He bent the arm below the wound. The arm bent back easily. He ground his teeth to overcome the pain.

Then taking out his field dressing, he ripped open the packet with his knife. He broke the neck of the iodine bottle and let the bitter fluid drip into the wound. A paroxysm of pain swept through him. He placed the cotton wadding over the wound and wrapped the dressing over it. He tied the ends with his teeth.

Then he lay still against the parapet, and, closing his eyes, he made an effort of will to overcome the pain.

In the street beneath all was still. The armored car had retired speedily over the bridge, with the machine gunner's head hanging lifeless over the turret. The woman's corpse lay still in the gutter.

The sniper lay still for a long time nursing his wounded arm and planning escape. Morning must not find him wounded on the roof. The enemy on the opposite roof covered his escape. He must kill that enemy and he could not use his rifle. He had only a revolver to do it. Then he thought of a plan.

Taking off his cap, he placed it over the muzzle of his rifle. Then he pushed the rifle slowly upward over the parapet, until the cap was visible from the opposite side of the street. Almost immediately there was a report, and a bullet pierced the center of the cap. The sniper slanted the rifle forward. The cap slipped down into the street. Then catching the rifle in the middle, the sniper dropped his left hand over the roof and let it hang, lifelessly. After a few moments he let the rifle drop to



About the Author

Liam O'Flaherty's life has been as adventurous and exciting as the famous novels and short stories that have won him an international reputation as a writer.

He was born in the Aran Islands, off the coast of Ireland, where he shared the hard life of the rugged Islanders. At 18 he joined the Irish Guards then fighting in Belgium in World War I. Two years later he was discharged and returned to Ireland to find himself in the midst of Civil War. With a band of followers, he held the "Rotunda" in Dublin during a week's siege.

Later O'Flaherty set off for London.

the street. Then he sank to the roof, dragging his hand with him.

Crawling quickly to the left, he peered up at the corner of the roof. His ruse had succeeded. The other sniper, seeing the cap and rifle fall, thought that he had killed his man. He was now standing before a row of chimney pots, looking across, with his head clearly silhouetted against the western sky.

The Republican sniper smiled and lifted his revolver above the edge of the parapet. The distance was about fifty yards—a hard shot in the dim light, and his right arm was paining him like a thousand devils. He took a steady aim. His hand trembled with eagerness. Pressing his lips together, he took a deep breath through his nostrils and fired. He was almost deafened by the report and his arm shook with the recoil.

Then when the smoke cleared he peered across and uttered a cry of joy. His enemy had been hit. He was reeling over the parapet in his death agony. He struggled to keep his feet, but he was slowly falling forward, as if in a dream. The rifle fell from his grasp, hit the parapet, fell over, bounded off the pole of a barber's shop beneath and then clattered on the pavement.

Then the dying man on the roof crumpled up and fell forward. The body turned over and over in space and hit the ground with a dull thud. Then it lay still.

The sniper looked at his enemy falling and he shuddered. The lust of battle died in him. He became bitten by remorse. The sweat stood out in beads on his forehead. Weakened by his wound and the long summer day of fasting and watching on the roof, he revolted from the sight of the shattered

where he worked in a brewery, made a vain attempt to go on the stage, then signed with a ship bound for Rio. He stayed in Rio long enough to learn Portuguese and to teach Greek in a school, then continued to see the world as a seaman and stoker. During a stop in the U. S., he worked in a rubber factory and as an oyster fisherman off Long Island. A brother in Boston urged him to write. After more travel, he returned to Ireland and at the age of 24 began to write in earnest.

Ireland rather than his years at sea is the background for most of O'Flaherty's work. Among his 13 novels are *The Informer* (made into one of the great films of all time by Director John Ford), *The Puritan*, *Famine*, and *Insurrection* (1951). His short story collections include *The Short Stories of Liam O'Flaherty* and *Two Lovely Beasts and Other Stories* (1950).

mass of his dead enemy. His teeth chattered, he began to gibber to himself, cursing the war, cursing himself, cursing everybody.

He looked at the smoking revolver in his hand, and with an oath he hurled it to the roof at his feet. The revolver went off with the concussion and the bullet whizzed past the sniper's head. He was frightened back to his senses by the shock. His nerves steadied. The cloud of fear scattered from his mind and he laughed.

Taking the whiskey flask from his pocket, he emptied it at a draught. He felt reckless under the influence of the spirit. He decided to leave the roof now and look for his company commander, to report. Everywhere around was quiet. There was not much danger in going through the streets. He picked up his revolver and put it in his pocket. Then he crawled down through the skylight to the house underneath.

When the sniper reached the laneway on the street level, he felt a sudden curiosity as to the identity of the enemy sniper whom he had killed. He decided that he was a good shot, whoever he was. He wondered did he know him. Perhaps he had been in his own company before the split in the army. He decided to risk going over to have a look at him. He peered around the corner into O'Connell Street. In the upper part of the street there was heavy firing but around here all was quiet.

The sniper darted across the street. A machine gun tore up the ground around him with a hail of bullets, but he escaped. He threw himself face downward beside the corpse. The machine gun stopped.

Then the sniper turned over the dead body and looked into his brother's face.

By MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

A STRANGE, UNCOMMON SIGHT

*With sudden humorous insight he found that the strangest part of his
experience was himself*

MY FRIEND Tom Welsh, who is now in his lively eighties, has had many exciting things happen to him. When you hear some of his true stories, you realize he has seen strange and uncommon sights because he has looked at everything, including himself, with a fresh and frisky eye—and a constantly amused awareness that we ourselves may appear as unusual to others as others appear to us. He learned to do this, he tells me, through an experience he had when he was young. This is his story:

At the turn of the century, when I was working in the rich timberlands of Minnesota, I was young and full of joy, so I was always seeing wonderful sights. Sights worth thinking about while I worked alone in the forest. And worth remembering now when I am no longer young.

What I want to tell you about happened one April night when I was on my way to appraise some lands lying about twenty miles southwest of Bena, a small trading village on the Chippewa Indian reservation. These Chippewas owned vast allotments of land through the Red River Valley, and one by one they were selling their magnificent stands of white pine. The lumber companies sent out "cruisers" like me, to report to them on the timber.

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Usually I packed my own grub and blankets on such trips, but this particular time I expected to meet a party of estimators who would take care of me. So I brought into the woods nothing but my maps, my compass, and a little ax for cutting through underbrush. I had taken a direct course through the woods and had hit an Indian wagon road I knew ended at the place of Chief Red Blanket. The spot where I expected to meet the others was slightly beyond this.

It was just before sundown. Red Blanket's log house, on the shore of Leach Lake, with its spiral of supper-fire smoke curling up from the chimney, was most inviting.

In a canoe about a quarter of a mile from shore were two squaws pulling up the floats of a large net. Then I saw a man standing on the shore. He, too, was probably thinking about those good fish for supper, just as I was, for it was Red Blanket himself, a fine straight figure.

I could not help lingering to enjoy the scene—the peaceful lake, the two skillful women in the canoe, and the proud chief on the shore.

As I drew nearer, Red Blanket heard my footsteps and greeted me with a friendly "Boo-zho-ne-che." He saw my pleasure in the moment, and though we had few words to express it, I could see that my appreciation had made him feel even richer than he had felt a moment before.

I asked him if he had seen any white men going by within the past few days. He led me to a footpath off to the southwest and walked along a few rods, then pointed to the imprints of heavy, hob-nailed shoes on the soft ground. So I

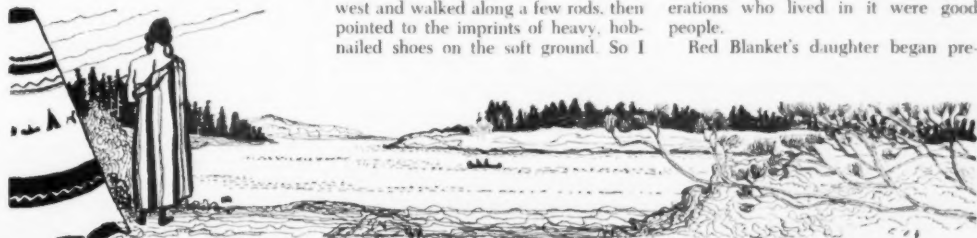
knew I was on the right trail. I thanked him and struck off rapidly, trying to make up the time given to my pleasant intrusion.

Within a mile or so, I came to the sugar camp where I expected to find my friends. But no one was there. I found boot marks on the ground, and these I followed impatiently; but they were only sap trails leading to the outlying trees. In desperation I climbed a high knoll, thinking I could survey the countryside and locate the men by their campfire smoke. I saw no smoke, and there was no human sound. I called and called; only the echoes answered. Somehow I had missed our meeting.

There seemed nothing to do but go back to Red Blanket's before it was too dark for me to find my way. When I arrived there, the two squaws were sitting on the ground cleaning the fish. Red Blanket called to me cheerily as he saw me approaching, and almost before I had asked if I might spend the night, he said, "Kay-get-nee-che, nish-she-shin" (Yes, friend that is good, you may rest with us).

I was chilled and damp from the unsuccessful hurrying, and the kind old Indian insisted that I immediately come into the house to get warm. His house was a single room, sixteen by eighteen feet. The first thing I saw was the glowing stove in the center of the room, and it was a heartening sight. In one corner stood a bed; a kitchen table and two chairs and a cupboard made up the rest of the furnishings. But it was a clean, good house, and the three generations who lived in it were good people.

Red Blanket's daughter began pre-



paring supper while her three little girls played on the floor. Red Blanket explained my predicament, and the woman nodded gravely, saying in the Chippewa language that there always were ample food and space for a guest.

She was an attractive young Indian, with soft eyes and a graceful, quiet way of moving. Her very quietness as she worked expressed a goodness and motherliness that thawed me. A few minutes before, I had been a big, strapping woodsman; now I was a hungry, homeless kid, glad there were mothers in the world.

The children were almost silent at their play, too shy to look at me or even to speak to each other in my presence. They had made a little tepee village of some pale-pink birch bark. The people in it were tiny pine cones, living a pantomime life. I watched the game with pleasure, for it was skillfully and charmingly enacted. As the children became less timid, they moved a canoe, in which a mother pine cone and two baby cones were taking a trip, into the lamp-light, where I might see it. But still the children would not look directly at me.

When supper was ready, there was one place set at the table, and that was for me. Food was never better, or more graciously given, and I was hungry. There were baking-powder biscuits, a heaping plate of fried whitefish, a dish of boiled rice, a bowl of maple sugar, and a cup of hot green tea.

While I ate, I was aware of much activity outside the house. Through the window I could see Red Blanket and the two squaws carrying things to the bark wigwam. Red Blanket made several trips with big forksful of hay, and his daughter went past with an armful of bedding. I concluded they were making a bed for me in the wigwam, and I was delighted with the idea.

After supper, I put on my mackinaw to go outside, in order to give the family an opportunity to eat in privacy. I inspected the wigwam gratefully; a fine, soft bed of straw, covered with blankets, was ready. I walked down to the lake and listened to the lullaby of the ripples along the shore. The world seemed to me to be very good.

Red Blanket now came looking for me, and together we sat on a log and talked as best we could. I motioned toward the wigwam and asked if that was my place for the night. To my surprise he said "*Caw-in*," which means "No."

As we went into the house, one of the squaws was just putting clean white sheets and blankets on the bed. "That is for you," Red Blanket said, smiling. When I protested, he explained that his family and he always slept on mats on the floor. They kept the bed ready for

About the Author

Margaret Lee Runbeck has written over 200 stories and articles that have appeared in popular magazines. She is also the author of a number of books. "Half the battle of writing," she believes, "is to stick to a writing schedule. Write whether you want to or not. Deadlines don't wait on inspiration. Set a daily stint that is less than you can do—and never fail it."

visitors—government officers or missionaries—who sometimes passed as I had.

The children, a little more free now, were romping and singing and playfully teasing the grown-ups. Etiquette demanded that I retire early, so I undressed as inconspicuously as possible, hung my compass case on the bedpost, and got into bed. The mother then unfolded the blanket roll that was the children's bed, and spread it on a sleeping mat, and the little girls were tucked in. In a few moments, the grown-ups, too, were asleep on their mats, and the house was quiet.

About midnight, a soft opening and closing of the door wakened me. Then I heard the drone of the teakettle and realized a good fire had been kept up in the stove. I turned over quietly to see if this were some midnight phase of Indian hospitality I had not met before. I found that all the adults had left the house. I raised up on my elbow, and through the window I saw that a fire had been built in front of the wigwam. Then, while I was trying to fathom what all this was about, I suddenly understood.

For I heard the lusty, unmistakable cry of a newborn baby—the protesting, gasping, bold cry like no other sound in human life. I simply could not believe my ears, but there was no mistaking it. I thought of the strong, gracious woman who had cooked my supper and who had sat on the floor playing with her children. She had been so calm and graceful and pleasant that I had had no slightest hint of her condition. She had carried an armload of blankets into the night, so her hospitality would not in any way be marred by this uncontrollable event.

In a few minutes Red Blanket came into the house. "I have a fine new grandson," he said proudly.

In less than five minutes, his squaw came in with the baby in her arms. He had stopped his protest now, and had settled into a grunting and chuckling acceptance of this new world. Very shortly the mother of the new child came quietly into the house. They all sat on the floor and passed the child

around to be looked at and admired. Then the mother placed him on a soft little quilt beside her.

I got up, opened my map case, and took out a twelve-ounce flask of brandy, which I carried for emergencies. Feeling I should do something to mark this very astonishing occasion, I presented the flask to the mother, who took it hesitantly and then, out of politeness, drank a small sip. Then she unrolled the blankets of her bed once more, placed the baby under them, and stretched out beside the child, smiling happily at him. The others, too, went back to their beds, and I to mine. The house was still again, and in a few moments I could tell by their breathing that they were asleep. So I, too, went to sleep, strangely happy in the presence of this simple miracle.

About a month later, I was crossing Leach Lake on the steam launch used by the Indian Office. The lake was calm, the weather was warm, and again the sun was sinking below the treetops just as we passed Red Blanket's point of land, about a mile across the water. I looked, and sure enough, there was a figure sitting on the shore. I asked the pilot to head the boat for shore.

I had expected the figure to be Red Blanket, but it was the mother with her new baby, enjoying the quiet of the lake and the sunset. We spoke pleasantly, and I nodded toward the baby in her arms, covered by his little blanket, and asked if I might see him.

She lifted him proudly, then waited respectfully for my admiration. He was a roguish-looking cherub. I timidly put out my finger and touched his button of a nose. Seeing that I did this in approval, the mother smiled and nodded, agreeing that his nose was an absurd ornament to be decorating the face of what would surely be a handsome man.

I asked what she had named her son. She looked at the little one for a moment, then looked questioningly up at me, and I thought she had not understood. But it wasn't that; she was simply too shy to tell me at first. Then she whispered his name: "Tomwelsh."

"Tomwelsh!" I cried in surprise. "Why, that's my name!" I felt a ridiculous delight that they had given the baby my name. But in a moment more I burst into hearty laughter, realizing that the joke was on me. I had thought I was seeing something unusual that night, and they had been thinking the same thing!

She laughed, too, when she saw that I understood why the baby had my name. In accordance with Indian custom, he had been named for me, because the first strange or uncommon sight his mother had seen after his birth—was me!

A Skeptical Chemist Looks into the Crystal Ball

By JAMES BRYANT CONANT

President of Harvard University

These are excerpts from the speech delivered by Dr. Conant at the 75th Anniversary of the American Chemical Society in New York, Sept. 5, 1951.

LET me turn to my crystal ball and try and glimpse the outlines of the balance of the twentieth century.

In my crystal ball—a plastic one, as befits a chemical age—I see neither an atomic holocaust nor the golden abundance of an atomic age. On the contrary, I see worried humanity endeavoring to find a way out of the atomic age. And by the end of the century this appears to have been accomplished. But neither through the triumph of totalitarianism nor by the advent of world government.

Unless my readings are [in] error, the next fifty years prove that human nature is tough and unyielding. Neither the forces of good nor evil prevail to the extent that has been prophesied. The year 1984, for example, does not glare with menace in my crystal ball. Men and women still continue to be unregimented in many portions of the world. Paris, Berlin, London, New York, Moscow still stand physically undamaged by any enemy action since World War II. They still represent focal points for diverse national outlooks. The Marx-Lenin dogmas are still honored in vast areas, but so are the watchwords of the 18th century French and American Revolutions: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

Harnessing the Sun's Rays

For reasons I will explain in a moment, atomic energy has not proved to be an expedient way of tapping the sources of energy stored in the earth's crust. Solar energy, on the other hand, is already of significance by 1985 and by the end of the century is the dominating factor in the production of industrial power.

With cheap power the economical production of fresh water from sea water became a reality. This last statement may seem incredible. Let me, therefore, insert a technical footnote.

You must understand that my apparatus which forecasts the future operates on a special principle. I feed into it

certain ideas which might lead to revolutionary innovations at least in theory but are now regarded as impossible. As regards the possibility of distilling fresh water from the ocean, no one has publicized the well-known fact that in theory the energy requirements are extremely low. (Notice I say "energy," not "heat," for as many of you are well aware, it is mechanical energy that is required in the modern compression stills.)

Peace by Close Margin

But how did the industrialized nations of the world avoid de-industrializing each other by atomic bombs? you may inquire. Only by the narrowest of margins, is the answer. And only because time and again when one side or the other was about to take the plunge [of war], the expert military advisers could not guarantee ultimate success. Of course, the turning point was 1950. For when the free world had once made up its mind to meet each type of military threat of the Soviet Union with a defense against that threat and no longer relied on the magic of atomic bombs, from that moment on hopes for an eventual disarmament revived.

Fifteen or twenty years after the first atomic bomb was fired, a sober appraisal of the debits and credits of atomic fis-

About the author



Dr. James Bryant Conant, a world authority in research chemistry, was appointed President of Harvard University in 1933. He began his scientific career as a boy, setting up experiments in a lean-to his father built for

him in the backyard of their Boston home. He attended Harvard University, received his Ph.D. in 1916, served on Government projects during World War I, and afterwards returned to Harvard as a professor of chemistry. As President of Harvard, Dr. Conant has been a leader in the field of education as well as in that of science.

sion had led people to decide that the game was not worth the candle. The disposal of the waste products had presented gigantic problems—problems to be lived with for generations. The capital investment was very great. But quite apart from the technical difficulties, there was the overriding fact that the potential military applications of atomic energy were inimical to the very nations that controlled the weapons.

Once the illusion of prosperity for all through the splitting of the atom vanished from people's minds, the air began to clear. The dividends from the great discoveries of the 40s were the introduction of powerful new tools of investigation. Solar energy is thus seen as a consequence of the atomic energy development.

"The Great Settlement"

The date of the great settlement is not clear in my reading of the future, but sometime between 1960 and 1980, the climate of opinion alters. The rearmament of the free world has done its work. Armies, navies, planes are still on hand but the trend is towards less rather than more military power. So I see the physicists and engineers gladly turning to labors more congenial than making fission and fusion bombs or guided missiles. Thus an era of peace and prosperity really begins to dawn.

Down to Earth

So much for prophecy. Now in conclusion, let me come down to earth.

It is easy to be defeatist about the prospects for peace and freedom and to forecast the future only in terms of a global war. I have ventured to do otherwise and with all sincerity. To my mind the prospects are far more hopeful than they were two years ago.

The peoples of the free world have been awakened from their dreams of any easy peace. They have faced up to the realities of the mid-twentieth century. Before long they will be armed and ready. When that day comes the fear of Communist aggression will cease to haunt Western Europe. When that day comes, one can begin to talk about a real settlement of the international situation. Ideas that must now be regarded as Utopian will once again have vitality and meaning.

All this may seem to the pessimists among you—those who believe a third world war to be inevitable—as so much wishful thinking. But because I have so much confidence in what free men can accomplish when once aroused, I believe that in spite of grim years ahead, this second half of the 20th century may yet prove to be a period of gradual disarmament and peace.



There is a

**A double mystery to be solved in the shadowy bazaars—
in one of them the baffled inspector had a personal stake**

CHAFIK J. CHAFIK, of the Baghdad police, took his place at the breakfast table in his house on the Street of the Scatterer of Blessings. The swarthy, neat little man, dressed for the heat of the day in immaculate whites, accepted the homage of his family with the indulgence of a Babylonian king. He glanced at his watch, announced, "I am four minutes late," and dipped his spoon into the bowl of *liben* and honey-colored dates.

Leila, his wife, a serene and graceful woman, asked, "My man, you did not sleep well?"

She glanced at her son, a wide-eyed elf of a boy, and saw that his effervescence was precariously corked. Her look constricted him.

Chafik said, "The Compassionate One willed me a bad night. There were comings and goings and voices, and the most objectionable voice was the voice of a cat." He put down his spoon and looked at his son reprovingly.

Faisal began, "My father—"

Leila interrupted: "Faisal's cat had kittens."

"Five," the boy said proudly. "May I keep them? May I, my father?"

It was difficult for Chafik to deny his son anything, but he was incensed by his sleepless night. He sighed. "Ah, what base ingratitude!" he said. "I took this animal into my house as a homeless waif and—"

He stopped, for he suddenly remembered that Faisal had been a waif, too. It was less than two years since the boy, then an eight-year-old orphan, had been one of the pack of homeless

urchins who frequented the Baghdad bazaars. Chafik had taken him from that life to fill the gap in a childless, but otherwise happy, marriage, and had never regretted the impulse which had given him a fine son. So, shocked by his unfortunate remark, the little man looked beseechingly at his wife.

Leila said nothing.

The telephone rang, and the Inspector padded on stocking feet to answer it. The caller was Sergeant Abdullah of the homicide squad.

Abdullah said in a voice of doom, "Sir, I trust you have enjoyed breakfast?"

"My stomach," Chafik answered, "is delicate this morning, and judging by your ill-omened croak, it is well I left it unfilled. What horror have you?"

"I regret, sir, a corpse." The sergeant went on to give details.

When Abdullah had finished, Chafik got his shoes from under the hall table, for Arab-fashion he did not wear them in the house. He picked up the shoes and returned to his family.

"The evil continues," he said. "Now I have a corpse. They found one on the premises of Mr. Topalian, the jeweler and antique dealer of the bazaars. And Mr. Topalian has vanished. Enough, therefore, of ungrateful cats and pestilential kittens. Respect my wishes and cast them out."

Faisal's wail followed Chafik to the street. The Inspector sought comfort in the wisdom of the Koran, and prayerfully hoped his thoughtless remark, which had distressed his wife, had escaped the notice of their adopted son.

"If the Devil had not given us speech, there would be less misunderstanding in the world," the little man said.

The establishment of David Topalian was in one of the far reaches of the bazaar. Inspector Chafik was received by the officer who had telephoned.

Abdullah said, "Sir, the corpse is that of a man named Esiah Constantine. He—"

Chafik gestured for silence, extracted a record card from his tidy brain, and quoted: "Constantine, Esiah. Aged fifty-seven. Resident of Basra. Educated. Assisted in the archaeological excavations at Ur in the nineteen-twenties." He paused and then added, "Believed to be in possession of valuable antiques—allegedly he stole them from the excavations. I will now face his corpse."

They went down a short passage into a vaulted room, cool and shadowy, and brightened by silk prayer rugs on the walls. There were many treasures in the place, which was an exotic setting for the colorful Armenian dealer who normally presided over it in a velvet gown and embroidered skullcap. But Topalian did not preside today, and the corpse was not exotic.

The body was sprawled in a low chair with its head bowed on an ebony coffee table. Two cups, which had been used, were overturned, and drunken lies crawled over the pool of sugary coffee. The back of the dead man's skull was crushed; on the floor was a bronze club shaped like a lion's paw.

Inspector Chafik looked at the club and said, "Ancient Assyrian—a warrior's weapon. Mr. Topalian has a large collection of such relics."

He examined the body. "The killer stood on the right, possibly after pouring coffee to honor—and disarm—the guest. Three blows were struck. Wasteful energy; one was enough."

Sergeant Abdullah said, "Sir, the man has been dead some nine hours. It fits the time of Topalian's departure. He—"

Chafik wiped his hands on the coat-tails of the corpse. "Let us begin at the end, as detective stories are written," he said. "Who found Constantine?"

"The missing man's cousin, sir, George Topalian. I will produce him."

The sergeant brought in a handsome young man. He was nervous, and dressed in expensive, but crumpled, clothes.

"Your name is George Topalian," Chafik said. "You are twenty-three, unmarried. You work for your cousin, who is thirty years your senior. You discovered the unfortunate gentleman who

By CHARLES B. CHILD

man Hiding

lies here. Inform me of the circumstances."

The young man would not look at the body as he answered. "My cousin expects me to open the shop at seven thirty, but I was perhaps half an hour late this morning. The door was still locked."

Chafik interrupted: "Your cousin has a residence in the Jennub district; he also has a sleeping room above these premises. You feared he had stayed the night and would reprimand you for lateness?"

George Topalian's handsome face became sullen. He nodded.

"So you knocked?"

"There are witnesses. Our neighbors—"

"They will talk later. With diffidence toward an elder, you knocked, and there was no answer. Then?"

"I unlocked the door and went in. I saw Constantine."

"You knew him?"

"I knew of him—that he was coming from Basra to sell something."

"What?"

"A chalice. The funeral cup of a Sumerian noble."

Chafik thought: So my records are correct. Constantine did steal treasures on that expedition years ago. Now he tries to sell them. And to what better dealer could he go than David Topalian?

Aloud, the Inspector said, "The killer apparently took the chalice away. I need a description."

The young man shrugged and answered disdainfully. "I can't help you. I care little about antiques: I like modern things. But any collector can describe the chalice; they all knew Constantine had it."

Chafik was disturbed because his records had missed this important fact, but he said, "So when you found the body, you ran for help?"

"First I went to see if my cousin was upstairs."

"Thereby establishing that nobody was hiding on the premises. Excellently done! Now, your cousin's disappearance. When did you last see him?"

Topalian answered, "Last night, about eight o'clock. We were closing. He told me to get porters for a customer's purchase."

"Several porters means a bulky object," Chafik said. "Was it the object that formerly stood outside in the entrance passage? I noticed a portion of lighter-colored floor. Observation is the fetish of my trade," he added apologetically.

"You observed correctly. It was a

Meccan bridal chest. I found porters, escorted them to the purchaser's home, saw delivery made, left—"

"Wait," Chafik said. "I cannot stand on the curve of time and see all dimensions at once. Had the customer departed before you went for the porters?"

"Yes."

"And your cousin was here when you returned?"

"He had gone upstairs to rest and to wait for Constantine. I did not disturb him. Furthermore, I was in a hurry."

Chafik detected evasion in the young man's reply, so he asked with deceptive mildness, "You had an engagement, perhaps?"

Topalian stared down at his hands. "I was to meet a friend," he said.

"For the sake of tidy records, give me his name."

"We—he—we were to meet at the Shahrazade Cabaret. No, it was the Roxy. But he didn't turn up. I—" He stopped abruptly.

The Inspector would not let his confusion pass. "The sequence of events may refresh your memory," he said. "To whom did you take the chest?"

"To Dr. Ghaffari."

"Ghaffari, Mohammed," Chafik quoted. "Aged sixty-two, Ph.D. from London University. He buys antiques rather than food." The little man smiled, then asked, "At what time did you make the delivery?"

"I—I don't remember."

"Be at ease, the doctor will remember. You see, I try to help you," Chafik said kindly.

"Ghaffari wasn't at home. He had an appointment, too. Before he left my cousin's shop he gave me a key."

"You were in the doctor's house alone after you dismissed the porters?"

"For a few minutes. Why the Devil do you ask so many questions?" the young man asked angrily.

"How timely to mention the Devil! He was busy here, directing Constantine's murder, the disappearance of the chalice, the disappearance of your cousin—"

George Topalian interrupted vehemently. "Now you implicate my cousin!"

"I have made no accusation, yet. How much was he to pay for the chalice?"

"I don't know. He complained that the price was high, but he hoped to get it lowered. Besides, he had a buyer, an American—they are all foolish about antiques. So why should he kill?"

"An eloquent defense," Chafik said. "Let us, however, be factual and consider only the facts of his disappearance."

ance. Who saw Mr. Topalian last?"

The inquiry was addressed to the Inspector's assistant, who brought in a very old man clad in tattered battle dress.

Sergeant Abdullah said, "The next witness, sir. Shah Murad, the bazaar *charkachi*. Formerly of the Levies."

Chafik noticed with pity how the watchman strained to come to attention. "Did he see Constantine arrive?" he asked Abdullah.

"His evidence is that he saw the deceased admitted to these premises. Half an hour later, he states, Topalian left in a great hurry. Murad claims he saw him turn the corner into the Street of the Coppersmiths. Since then so far as I can ascertain, no eyes have beheld the Armenian."

"What was Topalian wearing?"

"The robe he favors, sir. Also a hat with a brim, such as Christians wear."

Chafik said dryly, "An odd costume for a man who planned to disappear."

The Inspector went outside. The bazaar was roofed by straw mats which were rotted by the weather; sunlight and shadow made an intricate pattern over the unpaved way. The Street of the Coppersmiths was entered through a narrow arch a few yards from Topalian's shop.

The street was a place of thunderous noise and of sudden, leaping flames that brushed the workers at their forges with glowing color. Numerous passages, barely wide enough for a man on foot, led into mysterious reaches. Chafik shrugged, knowing the hopelessness of searching such a maze.

"Human tigers prowl this jungle at night," Chafik said. "If it were known that Topalian carried an object of value—" He finished the thought with a finger across his throat.

"A body," the sergeant said thoughtfully, "is difficult to hide."

"Its presence," the Inspector agreed, "would become evident in this heat in two days. In three days," he amended, flinching from the odors of the open drains. "You will instruct the police to alert their noses."

"That will be done, sir. But what of Constantine?"

"Yes. Constantine. The discovery of a dead Topalian would not answer the questions raised by the corpse he left behind."

The little man stopped, stared at the corner of the Street of the Coppersmiths and ran. He was blocked by the crowd that had been attracted by rumors of murder.

"I swear I saw him!" Chafik exclaimed to Abdullah.

"Mr. Topalian, sir?"

"No, Faisal—my son. He should be at school."

"Boys look very much alike, sir, and there are many in the bazaar. They rush this way and that. I have daughters," the sergeant added smugly.

"Daughters undulate," Chafik said. And then, unhappily, he remembered the episode of the cat and kittens and his unfortunate remark at the breakfast table. He hurried back to the antique shop to call his wife.

"Leila," he began.

"Oh, my man! There was relief in her voice. 'You got my message?'"

"What message? I am closeted with an uncommunicative corpse."

"I called your office to inform you that Faisal's school—"

"Yes? Yes? What, my wife?"

"They have reported he did not attend this morning."

Chafik was shocked and silent. He wanted to rush home, but duty restrained him and it was necessary to reassure Leila.

"A childish prank, my wife. I shall discipline Faisal," he added sternly. And with fond words for Leila, the Inspector hung up.

Then he beat his fists together and exclaimed, "All because of the cat. That monster and her kittens!"

"Sir?" Abdullah asked.

"Nothing, nothing." The Inspector sought escape in action. "I am going to Dr. Ghaffari, who perhaps can describe the object Constantine brought to Topalian. I assume he, like all collectors, knows about it," Chafik added. "As for yourself, check on the cousin. That young man's alibi was unsatisfactory. And, Abdullah—"

"Sir?"

"If you should see my son, reprimand him severely and send him home. He does not belong here, not in the bazaars, not now."

The man the Inspector wished to see lived at the back of the bazaars, in a house that thrust its ancient foundations into the river's slime. It was once a Turkish palace but now housed many families; Ghaffari had rooms on the first floor.

As Chafik picked his way through the refuse of the streets, he had a feeling that he was being followed, and he looked around. He saw nobody suspicious, and was distracted by a boy who resembled Faisal.

The urchin wore a ragged gown and a wisp of turban. He skipped blithely on naked feet, balancing a basket on his head; light portering was the precarious livelihood of these waifs, and

they could be hired for a few *fil*s.

They grow up to become entries in my criminal records, Chafik thought sadly. This might have been Faisal.

The youngster passed, then twirled, like a ballet dancer, across the Inspector's path. He had a sharp, bright face, too-wise eyes, and an engaging smile. "Sahib?" he said.

"I am not shopping," Chafik said. "And I have nothing to carry." He reached into his pocket for a coin.

The urchin ran backward before him. "Policeman Sahib, I am not to take money. I have a message."

Chafik stopped.

"I am to say that yesterday the Armenian merchant, Topalian, and his cousin, quarreled. About women—"

"Who sent you?" Chafik demanded.

"How do you know I am a policeman?"

The boy did a pirouette, kicked up his heels, laughed, and disappeared.

"Was it Abdullah?" Chafik wondered, as he walked on. "No, he would never send such a message by a seedling! So who?"

At Dr. Ghaffari's house, he rattled the heavy knocker.

The doctor was a tall, stooped man who peered at the Inspector with tired, sunken eyes. His clothes were threadbare, but he had gracious manners and bowed as he recognized his visitor.

"I am honored, Inspector! Come in, come in! If I had known of your visit I would have prepared coffee."

"I am on duty, Doctor," Chafik was well aware Ghaffari had no coffee in the house. To save money for antiques, the doctor bought the dross that merchants scraped from their sacks.

Ghaffari lived in three large rooms which opened off the entrance hall. Light came grayly through barred windows and touched the treasures that crowded every corner. The man had once been wealthy, but now his dinars were interred in this magnificent collection.

Chafik said, "I have come for help. You know about Topalian?"

"Yes. I heard. It's incredible. I saw him yesterday and he was in fine spirits and happy about an important deal. I cannot believe—"

The Inspector was in a hurry and stopped Ghaffari. "I am informed the deal concerned an antique which Constantine brought from Basra. It has vanished. Did you know of it? Can you describe it?"

"Can a man describe Paradise?" Ghaffari's eyes shone, and color touched his shallow cheeks. He went to a cabinet and reverently lifted a crystal cup which filled his two hands like a bowl of light.

"This," he said, "is Sumerian crafts-

manship, but compared with the chalice you ask about, it is clay. The chalice is of this size and shape and made from a block of lapis lazuli worked so fine it shames an eggshell. Yet it is strong; gold is fused with the lapis. And the color! The sun-flecked blue of the canopy of God's Throne!"

"It would appear you have seen the cup," Chafik said.

"Constantine showed it to me in Basra years ago."

"So it is true then that he hid it from his superiors when they excavated the death pits at Ur?"

Ghaffari shrugged. "Who can blame him? But permit me to continue. The chalice is a funeral cup. When a Sumerian noble was buried, they put a cup filled with rare wine in his hands. And round about him were guards and attendants—"

"Slaughtered," said Chafik, "to attend their master's afterworld comforts. It is well I was not a policeman in those days. What value do you put on the chalice?"

"Value? You mean money? Inspector, one does not estimate such a treasure in dinars! I was shocked when Topalian said Constantine was going to sell. I had thought better of him."

Chafik was puzzled. The chalice was so rare that a warning circulated among the police of all countries would frighten away all prospective buyers. "And so," the Inspector said, "Constantine's murderer must be aware that if he tries to sell, he will be paid by the hangman."

The doctor insisted on showing his collection and Chafik went politely from room to room. He was overwhelmed by the beauty he saw, and he felt pity for the man, living in poverty amid such wealth.

When they returned to the hall, the Inspector examined a large chest and asked Ghaffari if he had bought it from Topalian. The doctor nodded, raised the heavy lid, and launched into a discourse.

"I believe this dates to Sheba," he said. "The painted designs are Meccan, but there are traces of others underneath. However, the years have taken their toll, and perhaps I did not get a good bargain."

He pointed to cracks in the side of the chest and then let the lid fall. It closed like a slammed door and wafted odors of myrrh and frankincense into the room.

"I am told," Chafik said, "that young Topalian delivered this in your absence. You considered it safe to trust him with the key to your house?"

Ghaffari said, "I know the young man well and have always found him exemplary."

As he prepared to go, the Inspector asked, "Doctor, when you returned, did you find the chest open?"

"Open? Let me think." Ghaffari turned and looked at it. "Yes—yes, I am sure I found it open."

The little man salaamed and left.

Anxious to telephone his wife for news of Faisal, he walked rapidly, and it was some time before he realized that a bazaar boy was running after him. He stopped, turned quickly, and the boy just as quickly backed away.

"Sahib! A message!"

"Another?" Chafik asked.

"Sahib, Hassan Ali, the beggar of the Street of the Leatherworkers, yesterday boasted he would rob the Armenian, Topalian."

The Inspector reached for the boy, and clutched air.

"There is organization behind this," he told himself. "Only the All-Merciful knows if the intention is to hinder or help."

As if he had been sent in answer, a third boy appeared from nowhere with the same breathless "Sahib?"

"Deliver your message," Chafik said with resignation.

"I am to tell you to forget about Hassan Ali. After he boasted, he fell down drunk from drinking much arrack, and slept all night."

"I thank you," Chafik said. "The original rumor would have reached me on a police report and would have caused tribulation for both Hassan Ali and myself until the truth was known. Therefore I am grateful to whoever directs you, fleet-footed Father of Long Ears."

And courteously saluting the grinning urchin, he turned and left.

There was no news of Faisal. Inspector Chafik stood at the window of his office overlooking Al Rashid Street, and saw in the ugly, brown city the reflection of his mood. Somewhere among those half million people of all races and creeds was his son.

He reproached himself bitterly. Now he was sure Faisal had misunderstood the remark about the stray cat, had remembered that he had once been a homeless waif and, believing himself unwanted, had run away.

But I cannot divert men to find him, Chafik thought despairingly. I am a policeman. There is murder.

Sergeant Abdullah came in. He was as emotional as the stone image he resembled, and was excellent therapy for the distracted father.

About the Author

The identity of Charles B. Child is a mystery. "Charles B. Child" is the pen-name of a well-known English short story writer now living in California. He uses this pen-name only for his series of mystery stories about fabulous detective Chafik whom you will meet (or have already met) in this story. During World War II, Mr. "Child" traveled in the Far East where he soaked in the color and mystery of the Orient which he now draws upon for the background of his Chafik tales.

In his usual ominous voice, Abdullah said, "Sir, I have checked the alibi of the younger Topalian. He lied. He was not at any cabaret. And, sir, by careful inquiry I have learned that yesterday he—"

"Quarreled with his cousin about a woman," Chafik said.

"A fierce and wordy argument. But, sir, how did you know?"

"I have ears, many little ears. You re-examined Topalian?"

"He is stubbornly silent and refuses to detail his movements after he delivered the chest. I have detained him."

"Did you establish how long he stayed alone in Dr. Ghaffari's house?"

"There are no witnesses, sir. The porters departed immediately."

Chafik looked down at the signet ring on his left hand. "What else, Abdullah?" he asked, absently.

"One of those miserable urchins who frequent the bazaars—"

"I adopted one," Chafik said softly.

Abdullah went on, flushing. "The waif commanded me to tell you that four days ago Dr. Ghaffari purchased a chain and iron collar, suitable for a large dog. I could not detain my informant."

"It would be easier to catch a gazelle. These young messengers are bombarding me with wild rumors. Ghaffari has no dog. Yet, I wonder—I wonder."

The Inspector looked at his watch. "So late? I am going home. Continue to press the search for the elder Topalian. If his body does not appear within a few days, it will mean the man has left this city. Although why an honored citizen should turn murderer and thief is beyond me."

When Inspector Chafik reached home, he found his wife in tears; Faisal had not returned and it was already night.

The stillness in the house was heart-breaking. Chafik remembered the busy feet, the treble voice, the uproar of a lively boy, and he repented moments of anger when meditations had been disturbed. He held Leila and tried to

comfort her with passages from the Koran, but grief overcame him and he joined her in tears.

Presently he arranged for a neighbor to sit with Leila, and went out into the dark streets. He wandered, searching, and questioning the police patrols; duty would not permit him to assign men solely to the quest for his son.

At dawn Chafik went to his office and fell asleep in a chair. And it was there that Abdullah, arriving early, found him. The sergeant, too, was red-eyed and weary.

"Sir," he said with pity, "I regret I have no news of Faisal."

"You, too, have been searching?"

"I took the liberty, sir."

"Keep to your duty. We must both remember our duty," Chafik said, and added less harshly, "but thank you, Abdullah. Is there news of Topalian?"

"None. Today, perhaps, the noses of the police will discover—" the sergeant stopped suddenly, remembering the missing Faisal. Hurriedly he said, "I have to report a singular incident. There was another of the bazaar waifs outside as I came in."

"Yes? Yes?"

"He told me to tell you that Dr. Ghaffari has made large purchases of food. I held the child briefly, but his teeth were sharp." Abdullah tenderly nursed a wrist.

"So the little ears are still busy. Could it be?"

No, it was too fantastic. "Yet, it is strange," Chafik went on, "that a man who has never squandered more than fifty fils a day on his stomach these many years should suddenly indulge his appetite."

With little heart, but still pursuing this elusive notion, he began a busy day. Other things than the Topalian case required his attention, and the Inspector occupied himself with these until the call to prayer reminded him that the day was ending.

Violently, he swept the papers from his desk and shouted, "To the Pit with duty! To the Pit with Constantine and Tonalian! I will divert every man. I—"

Sergeant Abdullah appeared at the door. "Sir," he said, "a boy wishes to speak with you."

The boy was frightened. His bare toes curled and uncurled on the cheap carpet.

"What now?" Chafik asked.

"Sahib," the boy said breathlessly, "I am to say there is a man in hiding. The proof is his stomach's demands. He who sends me has found a way into the hiding place and has entered it to seek final proof."

The Inspector, with a tiger's leap, reached the boy, seized the slack of his gown, and shouted, "Who sent you?"

"I will not talk! I am Faisal's man!" There was a ripping sound as the threadbare garment tore.

"Imbecile!" Inspector Chafik exclaimed. "Imbecile!"

"I could not stop him," Abdullah said defensively.

"I am the imbecile! How could I doubt that Faisal was behind all this? He is of the bazaars. He mobilized his old friends and directed their inquisitive ears to help me. And I was too stupid to understand his messages."

The moment of revelation passed. "Faisal! Where has he gone? Into what danger? I must find my son!"

Chafik calmed himself and forced himself to sit at his desk. "A man in hiding—misered *fils* spent suddenly on food. Oh, Merciful One! A chain and an iron collar but no dog! Abdullah, get the young Topalian."

When the sergeant returned with George Topalian, Chafik stood on tiptoe in an effort to match the young man's stature.

"You are foolish and stubborn," he said, pointing his chin accusingly. "You gave me a lying alibi for the night your cousin disappeared, because you met a woman. You had quarreled with your cousin about her. So, enough. Tell me, when Dr. Ghaffari left the shop, did he slam the door?"

Topalian stammered, "Yes—yes, I think I heard it slam."

"Neither you nor your cousin actually saw Ghaffari reach the street?"

"No, the passage leading to the door is at an angle."

"And when you returned with the porters, the chest was locked?"

"It had been padlocked."

Inspector Chafik's face was a mask. He reached into a drawer, grabbed his gun, and ran.

The crowds that filled the bazaars parted for the madman with a gun. He shouted, "Compassionate One, grant me time!" He was hatless, his pomaded hair was in disarray, and he had torn open his collar.

When Chafik reached the old house by the river, he hammered on the door and his voice cracked as he demanded admission. There was no answer, and he butted the door with his shoulder.

At that moment it opened, and he fell into the dark hall.

He lost the gun on the tiled floor and scrambled with bleeding fingers to find it. A figure materialized from the shadows and Chafik saw an arm raised to deliver a blow. He rolled clear and

was shocked by pain as his shoulder hit the gun.

He seized it and rose to one knee.

In the smoky light from an oil lamp in an adjoining room, he saw the dull gleam of metal—an ancient battle-ax poised for another blow. He steadied his wrist and fired twice.

The shots echoed in the vaulted hall. Inspector Chafik rose and looked down at the still form of Dr. Ghaffari, and said in prayer, "God forgive me." He turned quickly away.

He searched the rooms until he found a door hidden by a wall hanging. It was locked. He blew out the lock with his gun and did not feel the splinters that lacerated his face. He went down winding steps into the cellar.

Ghaffari's prisoners were in an alcove strewn with straw. The man had an iron collar around his neck and was fastened to the wall by a chain. The boy was bound with rope and both were gagged with tape.

Chafik released Faisal, saying over and over, "My son, my son." He took the boy in his arms and wept.

Faisal's lips were torn by the tape and he whispered, "Father, it hurts. But, my father, there is the man."

Inspector Chafik used the barrel of his gun to force a link in the chain. He said, "Later we will remove the collar. It does not exactly adorn you, Mr. Topalian."

The antique dealer was unharmed, but shock had left its mark. He shook his head and said, "Ghaffari is a madman. Why did he keep me chained and feed me so lavishly? How did I get here?"

Chafik said, "After you sold Ghaffari the chest and he asked to have it delivered, he gave his house key to your cousin. Then he went out and slammed the door. But it was not the door he slammed. It was the lid of the chest. He was inside it."

"Then Ghaffari attacked me after George had gone for the porters!" Topalian exclaimed. "I remember that now, and a nightmare of suffocation."

"You had been bound, gagged, and probably chloroformed. And you journeyed sir, in the chest, escorted in all innocence by your cousin, who was in too much of a hurry to heed the porters' grumbles about excessive weight. Your suffocation was real; you survived because there were cracks in the chest and because Ghaffari did not want you to die. Only one murder was planned for that night—Constantine's."

"Murdered?"

"For the chalice. Ghaffari admitted him to the shop, posed as your friend, and then killed him. Afterward, he put on your robe and hat and walked out

boldly. He had correctly calculated the fading eyesight of the bazaar's ancient watchman. After vanishing into the maze of streets, he removed the robe and went home without exciting suspicion. He had the chalice, and he had his alibi."

Topalian shook his head. "But why didn't he kill me?"

"Because, sir, he couldn't dispose of your body. In this heat and in a house where there are other families—" Chafik raised his thumb and forefinger to his nose. "He had to keep you alive until the search for you as the murderer had died down. And if my son and his friends had not noticed the change in Ghaffari's shopping habits—"

THE Inspector heard a noise upstairs. He checked his gun and ran. The doctor's body was gone from the hall and a trail of blood led to one of the rooms.

Chafik followed it. The dying man was in a chair by the moonlit window. He had taken the chalice from its hiding place and sat holding it with both hands. The beauty of the lapis and gold transfigured his waxen face. In his last moment, Dr. Ghaffari forgot pain.

He slowly raised his head, recognized the Inspector, and whispered, "I did not take it for money. I could not let it go—into alien hands—far from our land."

The deep-set eyes became brilliant. "This," Ghaffari said in a suddenly strong voice, "is how the Sumerian was buried, holding his funeral cup. Where is my escort to the next world? The slaughtered ones—the—"

He bowed his head over the chalice; even in death he embraced it. . . .

When Inspector Chafik was able to leave with his son, Faisal looked up anxiously and asked, "My father, did I do well?"

"My son," replied the little man, "it was not well to distress your tender mother, and me, and I do not think it was wisdom to enter a murderer's house. But, my son, yes, you did most well, you and your army of little ears!"

"Then, if I did well, am I to be rewarded?"

"Ask, my son, ask!" Chafik said, embracing the boy.

Too late he saw the calculating look in those large eyes. Too late he remembered that Faisal had been whetted on the stone of the bazaars.

"My father," Faisal said innocently, "it is sad to be homeless, as I know. And have you not shown me that one must have compassion for a waif—such as the cat and her five kittens? I did what I did because of them. So, may I keep them?"

A well-known columnist pokes

By ROBERT RUARK

good-humored fun at a new scientific wrinkle—

and gives it a dose of his satire

Baby Knows Best

WE HAVE finally run full cycle on the psychiatric approach to parenthood: it says here the baby knows more about his care and feeding than his ma does, and the old lady had better watch her step or else.

A Dr. Benjamin Spock, writing for the American Medical Association's Journal, says that after the first year mother better start adjusting her maternal approach to junior's personality, and that over all, baby is a better judge than either mama or medico of how much he needs to eat.

This is news to me. I've spent the last 30 years or so under the impression that mothers were created for the purpose of keeping an eye on Buster-boy until he got big enough to pull pigtales. I remember I had some definite ideas about diet at 3, which that heartless, cruel monster, Mama, rudely trampled down, making me thereby a hopeless neurotic. I used to think that you could swallow and receive nutriment from nails, sewing scissors, screws, nuts, bolts, coins, and lipsticks. I was especially fond of chewing lipsticks, because they were colored so nicely and went down so easy. But that fiend in skirts wouldn't pamper me. She was in there holding out for milk and spinach.

We went to the mat again, later, when I was an elderly statesman of six.

I had found, after some tedious research, the perfect diet for little boys.

Ice Cream Diet

This was simple fare, consisting of ice cream three times a day, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. On Sundays it was to be served six times a day, as payment for my sacrifice in attending Sunday School. For a variant, there were other staples, such as pie, cake, cookies, candy, unripe peaches, pears, and apples.

That benighted relic of the dark ages, Mother, kept on practicing her medieval tortures on me. Every time I turned up with the bellyache due to

scientific miscalculations, she got out a bottle of castor oil as big as a fire extinguisher. She poured out a neat half-tumbler, and sat there—just like Mussolini—until I tossed it off.

It was along about this time that I began to burst out with complexes. I began to associate cause with effect. For instance, I learned that if I didn't eat the spinach and the peas and the chicken and the potatoes, I didn't get to eat the ice cream, either. I learned that if I consumed a mess of green plums, I was dead sure to have a slug of castor oil as a demi-tasse.

Oh, I was a psychic wreck, I can tell you. I sensed, automatically, that if I brought the billygoat into the parlor when the preacher came to call, a certain little boy was a cinch to have a long, lean, lithe lady's haircomb applied to the seat of his trousers. This was a frightful indignity to practice on a mature dietician-and-tree-climber, but that horrid woman was heartless.

No Hooky

By the time I was 10 I was a seething cauldron of complexes, a mass of tangled emotions, a phenomenon of frustration. If I told a lie I knew it meant two afternoons in bed, while the other kids played baseball. Shy, tortured as I was, I said "sir" and "ma'am" to my elders.

I learned that kicking schoolteachers was taboo; playing hooky was frowned on; that little boys who made bad grades often were not allowed to go hunting on Saturdays.

At last my diet was so completely hedged by discipline and wicked regimentation that I had excellent teeth, stood close to six feet tall, weighed 150 pounds and could lick any kid in the class.

You can see how Mother's callous, sadistic influence has wrecked my life. I have never been in jail for anything serious and have never consulted a psychiatrist. I eat everything except eggplant, pay most of my bills, and have been happily married ten years. I'm a psychic scarecrow, and I blame it all on Mama.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Robert Ruark is a famous newspaper columnist, well-known for his good-humored—and sometimes sharp—satire on topics of the day.

He was born in North Carolina in 1915. He worked his way through North Carolina University, began his newspaper career as a copy boy on the Washington (D. C.) Daily News, he soon snagged the job of sportswriter, then graduated to that of feature writer. From 1942-45 he served in the Navy. Back in civilian life he decided to try his hand as a columnist, and was practically "knocked over" by his immediate success.

Mr. Ruark has been described as a master of "the wild simile, the colorful verb, and the new twist to an old cliché." He writes a daily column for United Features Syndicate and is the author of a number of books.

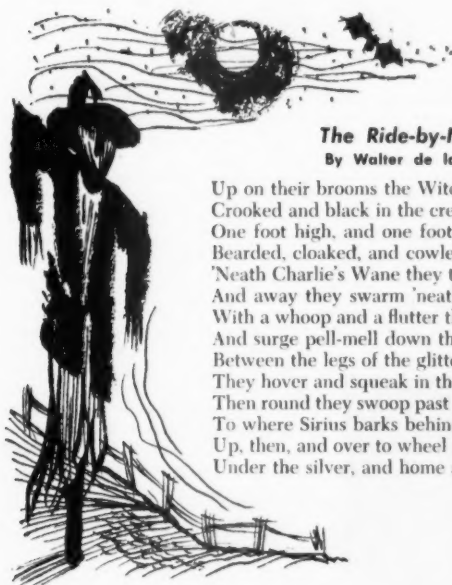
Hallowe'en Verse

Hallowe'en

By Frances M. Frost

The moon is round as a jack-o'-lantern;
The trees blow black and bare;
And we go creeping with spooky giggles
Through the chill ghostly air.

Whose shadow is that on the haunted ground?
Who's hiding behind that tree?
Oh, down the tree runs my bad black kitten,
And the shadow is only me!



The Ride-by-Nights

By Walter de la Mare

Up on their brooms the Witches stream,
Crooked and black in the crescent's gleam,
One foot high, and one foot low,
Bearded, cloaked, and cowed, they go.
'Neath Charlie's Wane they twitter and tweet,
And away they swarm 'neath the Dragon's feet,
With a whoop and a flutter they swing and sway,
And surge pell-mell down the Milky Way.
Between the legs of the glittering Chair
They hover and squeak in the empty air.
Then round they swoop past the glimmering Lion
To where Sirius barks behind huge Orion;
Up, then, and over to wheel amain
Under the silver, and home again.

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NOVEMBER, 1951



Hallowe'en

By Harry Behn

Tonight is the night
When dead leaves fly
Like witches on switches
Across the sky,
When elf and sprite
Flit through the night
On a moony sheen.

Tonight is the night
When leaves make a sound
Like a gnome in his home
Under the ground,
When spooks and trolls
Creep out of holes
Mossy and green.

Tonight is the night
When pumpkins stare
Through sheaves and leaves
Everywhere,
When ghoul and ghost
And goblin host
Dance round their queen.
It's Hallowe'en!



Young Voices

SELECTIONS CONTRIBUTED BY STUDENT WRITERS

HERE is a short short story that will keep you thinking for a long time after you have read it. Bernard Yudowitz was awarded a National Commendation in Short Short Story in the 1951 Scholastic Writing Awards.

Star Stuff

He thought, "In the beginning the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep."

The quotation came up from childhood memories. Waiting here, with the hushed voice of the announcer whispering through the loud speaker, "Zero minus ten seconds, zero minus nine seconds, zero minus—" the quotation sent a scurry of fear through him.

It was odd that any fear could touch him now, in these hushed seconds before this atom bomb test, odd because he had thought his nervous system was so saturated with fear that it was no longer capable of registering any increase of tension.

This shelter, designed as an advance observation post, was many miles away from the scene of the explosion. It was safe enough, according to the calculations, unless...

He thought: fear was useful once. Because men were afraid, they ran away—and so lived for another day. They ran from the mammoth, from the great cave bear, from the packs of wolves of the dawn world, and because they ran away from forces that were stronger than they were, they survived. I wish...

The wish was meaningless. There was no place of refuge, no cave, no deep bomb shelter that would save him now, if this test was what he feared it was.

"What now, little man?" he thought. "Zero minus seven seconds," the loudspeaker answered.

In just seven seconds this new bomb would explode.

The first atom bomb had seemed powerful enough when it had been tested. But this new one...

It was quite simple. An ordinary shotgun shell consists of a primer and a powder charge. When struck by the firing pin, the primer explodes. This minor explosion ignites the powder in the shell. Out there in a few seconds they were going to test a bomb that used an ordinary atom bomb as a primer. When the ordinary atom bomb

exploded, a temperature of several million degrees would result. At this temperature, lithium and hydrogen will explode with approximately twice the violence of uranium.

They thought it was a super weapon. But what if it wasn't a weapon? What if it was star stuff?

"Zero minus five seconds," the loudspeaker said.

Five seconds more and they would know the answer. He thought: write in five seconds the history of the human race, the history of the children of earth. Start with Peking man, with Java man... Peking man lived possibly half a million years ago and knew something about fire. For this length of time men have had the secret of fire. They have had the secret of nuclear fission for less than twenty years. With it they have learned to build bigger and better bombs.

"Bigger and better," Brown thought. "Always we have wanted something bigger and better."

The wish had seemed laudable enough, except possibly when applied to an atom bomb. Maybe there could be an atom bomb that was too big...

"Life is an intruder in the cosmos," Brown thought. "And as an intruder, it is constantly being kicked out the door."

"Zero minus three seconds."

The voice had acquired a hypnotic quality now. Around him Brown was aware of men frozen and motionless while they waited for the explosion that was about to come. Probably it had been the same way when the first atom bomb had been tested. No one had been sure then; no one was sure now. The calculations said... But what if the mathematics lied? What if some

unguessed factor existed that made all the figures wrong?

"Zero," the loudspeaker said.

There was a moment of silence, of nothingness, during which Brown was aware of an urge to scream. "Stop this test!" But nothing could stop it now. The equipment actuating the bomb was automatic. The moment of silence ended in sudden frantic sound as meters designed to detect various kinds and intensities of radiation began to chatter. The first blast of radiation had reached the shelter. There was no sound yet; sound would come later.

"Stand by for the shock wave!" a hoarse voice shouted. Brown's voice. He did not realize he had spoken. Under his feet the solid concrete jumped. Brown fell. Around him thunder roared. The concrete bounced up and down like the head of a monstrous drum.

"This is it," he thought. And knew he was right. This was it.

Two pictures appeared in his mind. The first was that of his mother, the second that of his wife. They were in the United States, thousands of miles from the scene of this test. How long would it be before they knew what had happened? Would the reaction take an hour to reach them? Or would it travel with the speed of light and be there almost instantaneously?

"Go quietly, dear children of earth," he thought.

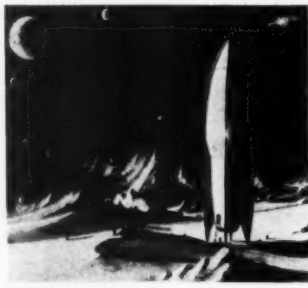
He was not afraid. Once such emotional responses as sorrow and fear had been useful to the race of men. Now...

Under him the concrete jolted—and flared into heat measured by the millions of degrees...

About three years later, the length of time light takes to travel from the solar system to the star Antares, astronomers on the planets circling this star noted with calm interest the sudden appearance of a new star—in that section of the sky which once had been occupied by the planet Earth.

Bernard Seymour Yudowitz, 17

Peek 'n' Ill (N. Y.) High School
Teacher, Emma Patterson



Opaque water color by Eddie Schaefer, North Phoenix (Arizona) H. S., was shown in the 1951 Scholastic Art Awards.

Mary Ellen Young's short short story was awarded a National Fourth Award in Short Short Story in the 1951 Scholastic Writing Awards, and a regional award in the competition co-sponsored by the *Peoria* (Ill.) *Star*.

Waiting

Yellow dust swirled in spreading clouds about her shifting feet and came to rest on the faded gingham of her dress. The lines of the sleeping babe which lay in her arms and of the stump upon which she sat were softened by the powdered yellow earth.

It seemed to her that the day had been endless. Not one car had come near the rutted road by which she waited. Not one person had broken the silence of her vigil. The pitiless sun alone watched her as she sat, her eyes shifting from the horizon of the road to the sleeping child. Sometimes the brown eyes closed and the spirit of the woman left its cell in prayer.

Now she became aware of the movements of her son and pulled the tiny form closer to her, then lifted her head mechanically to scan the road's length.

Far in the distance, there was the glint of chrome and the dust cloud which meant an approaching vehicle. Lifting her eyes to God she thanked him humbly. Then in the mechanical manner peculiar to her she began to tidy herself. She placed the baby in the stump's dull shadow and brushed the yellow dust from her dress. She stooped to lift her child again and brought with her also a dish-towel sack of belongings.

A flitting shadow crossed her bland, creased face as she stared at this bundle, materially all that remained of the life before. Behind her, far, far away, yet still in sight if she cared to look back, stood the gray board shack to which her husband had brought her proudly on their wedding day, and where they had lived ever after. Behind her lay their land. Behind her lay a grave; a grave dug in the dark gold clay of this land before the blazing sun had awakened this morning, the grave of her husband.

Years of labor in fields, months of suffering as she and her man had watched others take their land, and countless days of hunger as the remaining fruitless land had expired, leaving her with only the thin hungry baby, the bundle of belongings, and weary eyes that could no longer cry. Eyes which because of an unvanquished faith would not, could not, turn back; her eyes were for searching roads now, faces later, pleading for help.

The pain-dulled brown orbs turned from mental pictures to the reality of the rough clay country road. The cloud of dust with its glinting chrome was nearing. Babe in arms, she walked to the roadside. She waited.

The cloud and chrome passed the small figure unswervingly, leaving only



Opaque water color painted by Philip Russell, Central High School, Tulsa, Oklahoma, was awarded a place in the show in the 1951 Scholastic Art Awards.

more yellow dust to clothe her again. With features immobile she turned from the roadside, and with shoulders bent a fraction farther, she settled on her stump-throne.

The sun passed its zenith and sparked its taunt in the sun-colored dust. Slowly, slowly the daytime demon sank behind the horizon. Dust clouds grew dull gray. Daylight rolled beyond the flat fields.

Still the woman sat. The hungry baby had fed and now slept. The woman's eyes were fixed on the fading road. Two bright yellow lights far in the distance meant little to her when their beams touched her eyes. Then she recognized them, veiled as they were in the ever-present dust. Setting the child where the stump's shade had been, she brushed the dust from her body. She picked up the child and the bundle and walked to the roadside. She waited.

Mary Ellen Young, 17

Galesburg (Ill.) Senior High School
Teacher, Dena Saajenga

Anne E. Gould was awarded a National Fourth Award in Poetry in the 1951 Scholastic Writing Awards.



Pencil drawing by Barbara Reynolds, Harding Jr. H. S., Oklahoma City, Okla., was shown in 1951 Scholastic Art Awards.

Aaron Adair

Aaron Adair,
His music swinging,
Footsteps gay and sure and strong—
With golden hair
And golden singing,
Brings the poor a jeweled song.

Aaron Adair,
He comes with laughter,
Winding o'er the valley sod;
A shining path
Forever after
Blazes where his feet have trod.

Aaron Adair,
Compassion's servant,
Loves, is loved, but will not stay;
He is the fair
Eternal vagrant—
Comes, but always goes away.

Anne E. Gould, 17

Bethlehem Central High School
Delmar, N. Y.
Teacher, Gladys Skevington

See Yourself in Print

• Have you a short story, poem, or essay, of which you're especially proud? Send it to the Young Voices Editor, Scholastic Magazines, 351 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope if you wish your contribution returned. Material published is automatically considered for awards in the annual Scholastic Writing Awards and for honors in those areas where Regional Scholastic Writing awards are sponsored by local newspapers.



Sherlock Holmes himself (a wax figure) presides over familiar objects at Baker Street.

The Celebrated Case of Sherlock Holmes

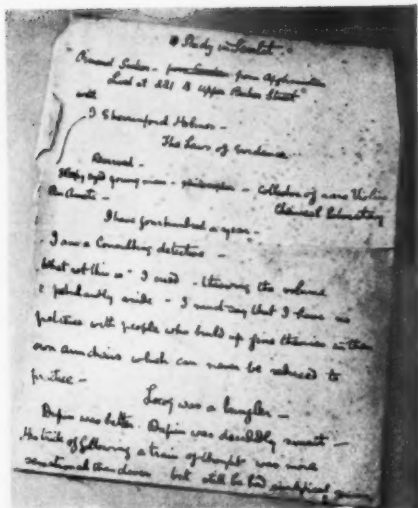
*Let's tour the house where Sherlock Holmes "lived"
—and meet the great detective at his fireside*

DID SHERLOCK Holmes really live? It would take the great detective himself to unravel this mystery.

However, Sherlock Holmes fans have been enjoying an extraordinary and unexpected treat this year. In connection with the Festival of Britain, the British fitted out a Sherlock Holmes Room at 221B Baker Street, London. This is the address where the celebrated detective of fiction is supposed to have "lived."

Falling in with the mood of the project, Sherlockians from all corners of the globe sent "memoirs, keepsakes, and heirlooms" of the great detective. Congratulations were sped to Baker Street from branches of the Baker Street Irregulars—the original club of Holmes admirers—as far afield as the Baritsu Chapter, Tokyo, and the Society of Canadian Baskervilles, Quebec. U. S. admirers spoke up through the Musgrave Ritualists of New York, the Diogenes Club of Brooklyn, the Baskervilles of Chicago, the Trained Cormorants of Los Angeles, the Sons of the Copper Beeches of Philadelphia, the Creeping Men of Cleveland, the Speckled Band of Boston, the Scandalous Bohemians of Akron, Ohio, and the Dancing Men of Providence, Rhode Island. These clubs take their names from famous Holmes cases.

Even Scotland Yard was called in to tackle some of the riddles arising from the project. The Yard was requested



This is a page of notes jotted down by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle while planning the first Holmes story, *A Study in Scarlet*. Notice that Holmes is named Sherringford here.

Here on the door of the room at 221B Baker Street hang the famous top hat and stethoscope of Holmes' assistant, Dr. Watson, along with the deer-stalker cap Holmes might have worn tracking down a clue.



As usual Holmes has been suddenly called out on a case, as can be seen from this table holding a cup of cold tea, a half-eaten crumpet, and the great detective's famous pipe.

All photos from Keystone

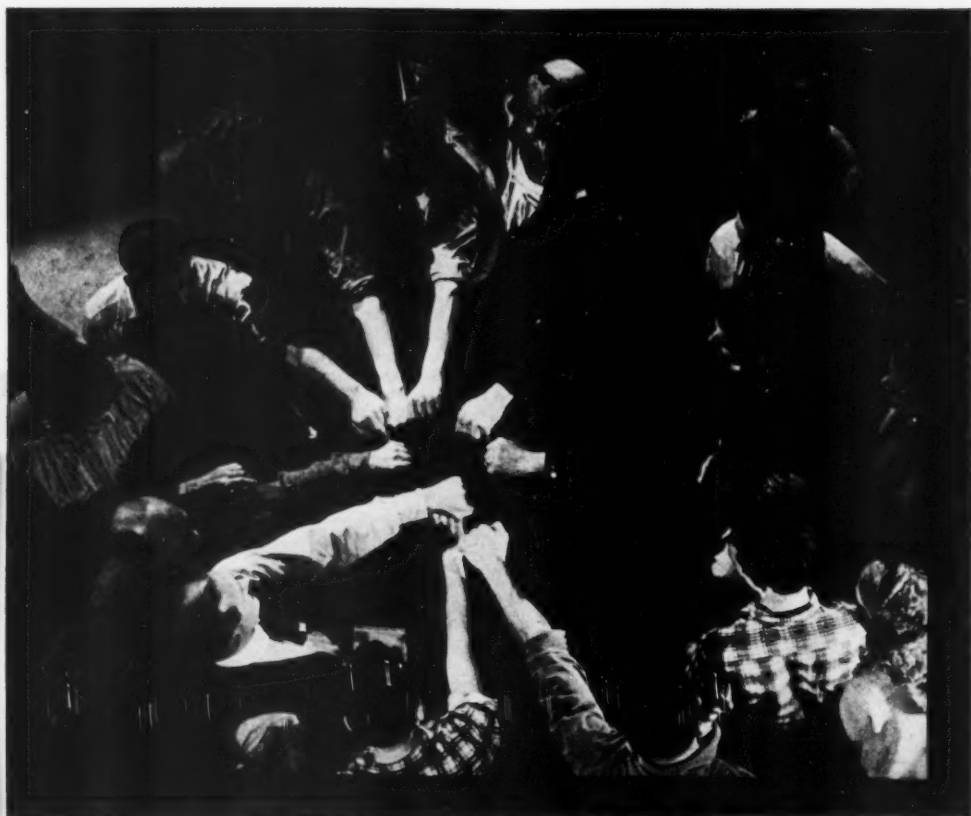


to search its files for footprints of a particular hound, known as the Hound of the Baskervilles. In the end the reputedly infallible Yard went down in defeat and had to admit that it had no trace of the animal.

There was also the Affair of the Unseasonal Crumpets. Every Holmes fan expects to find crumpets on the detective's tea table (see photo). But English crumpets are never eaten—or even baked—before fall. So a London bakery started its machines rolling early to provide crumpets for the summer opening of the exhibit.

The pictures on these pages invite you to a brief tour of the Holmes Room. If you are a Holmes reader, you will recognize familiar objects. Note the detective's chemical laboratory in one corner of his room. Look, too, at the manuscript lying on a table (see photo); this is a clue to a fairly important personage in the Holmes world, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes and author of the Sherlock Holmes stories.

Though there is little further evidence of the identity of Sir A. C. Doyle in this room, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (1859-1930) was an English doctor who began writing stories to finance his medical studies. Later he tried his hand at a novel involving a tall, lean, logical detective. The public's clamor for more persuaded Dr. Doyle to turn his hand to writing instead of medicine.



"We always had lotteries . . ." "I never thought of trying to stop one . . ." "Will everyone look at his ballot?"

THE LOTTERY

The stranger wondered . . . would one man dare to speak up against it?

Based on a story by Shirley Jackson • Adapted by Ellen Violet

From Best TV Plays of the Year 1950-51

THE LOTTERY was presented by Cameo Theatre on NBC Television June 1950 and August 1951, produced and directed by Albert McCleery. CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are warned that THE LOTTERY, being fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion of Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union, is subject to royalty. All rights, including professional, amateur, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. All inquiries should be addressed to the author's representative, Rae Everitt, Music Corporation of America, 596 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., or the adapter's representative, Flora Roberts, 457 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

ABOUT THE PLAY: This play is an allegory based on old superstitions that the people in a community can cleanse themselves of their own shortcomings by choosing one member of the community to bear all the blame and punishment. He becomes the "scapegoat." Anyone who takes part in such a practice must be willing to shrug off his responsibility for his own actions and for the welfare of his fellow men. He must take the dangerous gamble that

the role of "scapegoat" will never fall to him.

Even today the temptations of choosing a "scapegoat" are too often still with us, though our methods, of course, differ from those of THE LOTTERY. To tell you more about the play would be to give it away. One word of caution: Note carefully the words of The Stranger. He is the conscience of the play. He reminds us that it is up to us to prevent such practices.

LITERARY CAVALCADE

CHARACTERS

THE STRANGER

OLD MAN WARNER

JACK SUMMERS, *postmaster*SAM, *assistant postmaster*BETTY LOU, *Sam's wife*BILL HUTCHINSON, *young farmer*TESSIE, *Bill's wife*DAVY, *son of Bill and Tessie*

Old Man Warner seated on a stool has his battered straw hat tipped over his eyes as he is asleep. The sun beats down on him with a noontime glare. In the distance are the sounds of a small town main street, but with an ominous hum of discordant voices which grows louder. As the camera dollies slowly, a number of villagers pass agitatedly from right to left which bustle awakens the old man from his nap. He tips back his hat, snuffles his nose, gathers his wits like a child afraid of being left out of some family excitement.

OLD MAN WARNER (looks around. Shot of people crossing road, hurrying): Hey, what's going on? Where are you all going? Hey you there, Betty Lou. Why is everybody running over to the post office? What are they standing around for?

BETTY LOU (joins him shoulder to shoulder, quartering themselves so as to let camera 1 favor old man Warner's face, and camera 2 favor Betty Lou. The shot must match, and alternate for tempo.): I went to the post office to take Sam his lunch. But the rest of the people have to go there to register.

OLD MAN WARNER: Register? Register for what? This ain't election time as I know of.

BETTY LOU: Why, you know. For tomorrow . . . for the lottery.

OLD MAN WARNER: Why, that's the silliest thing I heard. Lottery ain't till tomorrow; what's the use of people gettin' riled up today. Of all the . . . now I just bet Jack Summers thought of this. He likes runnin' things more than any man I ever know. I bet it was his idea. His and your new husband's.

BETTY LOU: Sam didn't have anything to do with it. He's Jack's helper in the post office so he has to do what Jack says but it wasn't Sam's idea.

OLD MAN WARNER: Now don't get uppity. Newly married women certainly do like standing up for their men for the first few months. Not that I think Sam needs much standin' up for. He's a good boy. Always was. And that's a good position he's got over there as assistant postmaster. He'll have Jack Summers' job one of these days and be postmaster himself. Big job. You know how almighty Jack Summers acts. Like he knew where the body was hid. Well, Sam can act like that one of these

days. He can be the one who knows everybody's business. He can be the one who runs things. He'll run the lottery, for instance.

BETTY LOU: Oh, no!

OLD MAN WARNER: What's that, girl?

BETTY LOU: I don't want my husband to run the lottery.

OLD MAN WARNER: Is that so now? Well, ain't you got talkative since you left your father's house and got married. Sam must be a weak-kneed husband. Why, I don't think my wife voiced an opinion what I should do all the years we were married. God rest her soul.

BETTY LOU: Well, I'm not your wife. And Sam's not like you.

OLD MAN WARNER: What's that you're sayin' . . . Why, I never heard . . .

BETTY LOU: I don't mean no offense. I don't mean to talk smart, but . . . Well, Sam's different, that's all. He's not silent like the other men. He tells me things and he listens to what I say back. He's good. He won't ever be like Jack Summers. Right now Sam is registering all the people because he has to, but he don't like it. He thinks it's silly, too, checking up on people. Only they voted it at the town meeting last week and most people voted "yes."

OLD MAN WARNER: That musta been the one I slept through. Woke up just in time to raise me hand for the vote.

BETTY LOU: How could you raise your hand if you didn't know what you were raisin' it for?

OLD MAN WARNER: Looked around me at what the rest of the boys were doin'. Went with the majority. Majority always right.

(Camera moves to other faces, and voices)

VOICES: Where you goin'? To the post office to register. New idea. Jack Summers is runnin' it. You know Jack. He says we register. We register.

I'm going too.

Only men register.

Well, the women ought to keep an eye on things. Registered yet?

Register, register, register.

(Bill, a raw-boned, weather-beaten young farmer and his wife, Tessie, are trudging along a dusty road with their little five-year-old son in his arms asleep. They are hot and sweaty and worried. Dressed in serviceable clothes of ordinary farm people, they are indistinguishable from any other family group in the world except for the shadow in Tessie's eyes and worried frown on Bill's forehead.)

TESSIE: What do we have to register for? Everybody knows everybody else here.

BILL: I don't know. Must be something new. Used to be on lottery day everybody just showed up that had to.

TESSIE: You go register for us, Bill. I don't like to. Let me wait for you and you register.

BILL (looking at Davy): No, I'll go down to the hardware store and wait for them to fix the wagon. Stay in the alley. Keep out of sight and don't let anybody talk to Davy, understand?

TESSIE: You can't do that, Bill. They passed the law at the town meeting. Everybody's got to register.

BILL: If the wagon hadn't broke we never would have heard about it and we'll act like we never heard about it. Tomorrow, you and I will come to the lottery like we always do and leave Davy in the farmyard. (drops on knees beside Davy.) Understand, Davy. Stay with your ma and don't speak to anybody. And if they ask you how old you are, you don't know.

DAVY: But, Pa, I'm five.

BILL (grimly): Not today, you're not. (rises.) Hurry up, Tess. It'll be all right in the store. Keep Davy quiet. And don't go near that post office.

(Tessie nods and leads Davy away, opposite direction from arrow. Fade.)

(Camera opens on a man's hands holding a big, worn, black receptacle about the size of a large scrap basket. The shot is from behind the man. Beyond him is a grill window. Camera moves nearer man, shows room beyond grill window. Another man sits opposite at a table under a sign.)

SAM: Mostly farming families. The Cahills, the Hutchinsons, people who live out that way. And Old Man Warner here in town.

JACK: Any of them got children just drawing this year for the first time?

SAM: Bill Hutchinson's got a boy, but he's still too young, I think.

(Enter Old Man Warner)

WARNER: Well, where do I register? New-fangled notion but the majority wants it. And I always say the majority rules.

SAM: Right here, Old Man Warner. Just sign for the members of your family over five years of age.

WARNER (signing): I know, I know. This is the seventy-second lottery I took my chances in, man and boy.

JACK: You know everyone in this town, Old Man Warner. Is Bill Hutchinson's boy five this year?

WARNER: Why don't you ask him? He's over at my shop waiting for my boy to finish fixin' his wagon. I'll tell him to step over here. (exits.)

JACK (calling): Thank you, Mr. Warner. (to Sam) Now ain't that funny? Why do you suppose Bill Hutchinson didn't just step in here of his own free

will? There are signs all over town.

SAM: Maybe he don't like this registering idea any more than a lot of other people do.

JACK (suddenly, angrily): Oh, he don't, don't he? Well, how would he like to run the lottery for just one year? Or you either? You think it's easy, go ahead, take over, try it. You count all the noses and keep things fair and square, and don't forget a detail.

SAM: Nobody said anything about it being easy.

JACK: I run the lottery like it was a sacred trust. When I draw same as everyone, Sam, you hold the box here. There ain't anything fixed about our lottery. Not like some big city elections.

SAM: Everybody knows you run it fair. I'm not saying you don't. It's just the whole thing makes me nervous. Every year I get to thinking maybe we ought to . . . Oh, I don't know. I've only been married six months and I'm not crazy about having to draw in this ring. Bad enough when I was just drawing for me and my brothers. But now I got my wife to think about too. Makes it kind of hard.

JACK: Every young man feels that way when he's first married. But you get used to it. Lottery comes every year. You know it. Your wife knows it. Waste of time thinking about things that aren't in your control. I don't think about the lottery. I just run it.

BILL (standing in the doorway): Morning, Jack. You want to see me?

JACK: Well, Bill Hutchinson. What brings you into town?

BILL: My wagon's broke.

JACK: Farming sure comes first with you, don't it, Bill?

BILL: Reckon it does.

JACK: You're not forgettin' the lottery tomorrow, are you, Bill?

BILL: No, (turns to go)

JACK: Wait just a minute, if you don't mind, (comes out of cage, goes to table) This year you're supposed to register. It's a modern improvement. Well, your family's shrunk a bit. Weddin', I see.

SAM: Bill's girl married my brother, Allan. She draws with my family now, (pushes the list over.)

JACK: Why Bill, that just leaves you and Tessie to draw alone.

BILL: Reckon it does.

JACK: Sam here was wonderin' and so was I, Bill, so was I, how about little Davy? Seems like he must be almost old enough to help you out and take a little of the family responsibility.

BILL: He seems awfully little.

JACK: Five is drawing age, you know, Bill.

BILL: Yesterday was his fifth birthday.

JACK: You shoulda reported that, Bill. He has to draw tomorrow right along with you and Tessie.

BILL (slowly): If he'd been born just two days later, it would have been all right. Hardly seems right. Just two days. Seems like we coulda let it go for another year.

JACK: A miss is as good as a mile, Bill. You know the rules.

BILL: All right, all right. Where do I register?

SAM: Right here. Just put down all the members of your family over five years of age.

TESSIE (her voice is heard and the sound of running feet): Bill. Bill.

WARNER (also heard as an approaching voice): Now, hold on, girl. Don't get so excited.

TESSIE (bursting in post office door): Where's Bill? Old Man Warner said you called him over here. (sees him) Oh. What are you doing, Bill?

BILL: I'm registering our family, Tess. Me, you, and Little Davy.

TESSIE: Davy, (turns to the others) He's so little, so little for his age. He's asleep now over there in the wagon. Looks like a baby. Go look at him. You'll see.

WARNER: Stars, girl. You been in the lottery yourself since you were five an' you know the rules don't change.

TESSIE: I . . . leave it to Bill. It's for the man to know about these things and decide. I don't think women should meddle. It's up to the men to know the

rules. Keeping the house is my business. But Davy, he's so little.

WARNER (sinking into a chair): Folks ain't the way they used to be. The women used to take pride in the old traditions just like the men. Folks are different lately. Seems like everything is changing.

JACK: Not quite everything. We still got our old mottoes—lottery in June, corn be heavy soon. That's what the farmers say, isn't it? (There is a silence. No one answers) Well, you're a farmer, Bill. Isn't that what you say? Lottery in June, corn be heavy soon?

BILL (closeup of his face): I've believed that all my life. All my life.

STRANGER (calling): Hey.

JACK: Who's that?

SAM (straightening his chair and twisting so that he can see out the post office window): Never seen him before. Couldn't be from around here.

STRANGER (entering): Could one of you kind people tell me how to get to the state highway from here?

SAM: Three miles east to the culvert. Keep on the dirt road until the bus stop. Go over the little ridge, climb the embankment and there she is.

STRANGER: Thanks. (silence) Any place around here a man can get a bottle of soda pop?

SAM: Not a stranger. The general store has a limited supply and they save it for the people that live here.

STRANGER: You don't like strangers much, do you? (There is no answer) Just like my town. I guess these small places are all alike. (Turns to go) Well, much obliged.

JACK: Hold on a minute there. Where did you say you came from?

STRANGER: I didn't say. But I come from the North Village. (All the men give a start)

WARNER: Then what are you doing on the road, boy, at a time like this? Why aren't you with your family? Don't you know what day tomorrow is?

STRANGER (looks from one to the other): What day?

JACK: June 27th.

STRANGER (turns, sees the registering sign): Oh, I'd forgotten.

TESSIE: You'd forgotten!

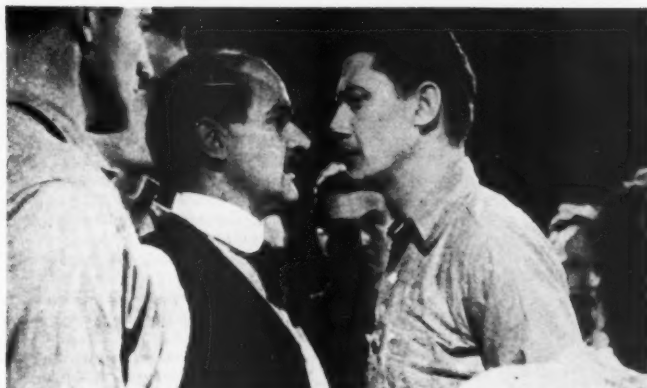
BILL: Well, now you've been reminded. Go home.

TESSIE (suddenly angry): You'd forgotten! Well I bet your mother hasn't forgotten. I bet she's remembering right now. And where are you? Running like a coward for the state highway. A grown man. There she sits up in the North Village with no son to help her through. Likely she'll have to draw twice. There's a penalty here when you run away. The whole family pays for it. And you'd forgotten!

About the Author

Shirley Jackson is the 30-year-old author of two books—a novel, *Road Through the Wall*, and a collection of short stories, *The Lottery*, which takes its name from the now-famous story of the same title. "The Lottery" is well on its way to becoming a classic among American short stories. The TV adaptation printed here was produced twice within the past year and has won rousing acclaim. The most recent production used the novel technique of "theatre-in-the-round." The action is planned so that it can be viewed from all sides as if the audience were surrounding a stage. As an example of some of the unusual camera angles that are made possible by this method of presentation, look back at the photograph on page 18.

Shirley Jackson lives in Westport, Conn., with her husband and three children. She was graduated from the University of Syracuse in 1940, and married soon afterwards. She sold her first story in 1941. She writes in the mornings and evenings. At present, she says, she is busy writing novels, stories, and P.T.A. programs.



"All we needed was one man to say he thought it was wrong. And we voted to do away with the custom. You could do it here. Why don't you try?"

WARNER: You young pup. You ran away?

SAM: Go on, get out of here.

JACK: No sir! If you ran away we'll just keep you here and let you be in our lottery. Draw alone. How will that be? Hold him, Bill.

STRANGER (*backing off*): Stay away from me. All of you. You're so bigoted and crazy you don't even give a man a chance to prove himself before you start crying for blood. Listen here. In the North Village, the lottery has been abolished.

(*There is a general reaction of astonishment.*)

WARNER: Why, that's a sacrilege.

STRANGER: What's so religious about a lottery?

WARNER: Why, it's always been. People have always had lotteries.

STRANGER: Well, in the North Village, they're sick of it.

JACK: It's crazy. How are we supposed to believe you? Maybe you're making it up.

BILL: Yeah.

SAM: Wait a minute, wait a minute. Let him talk. How did they abolish the lottery? Who abolished it?

STRANGER: One man started it. And then it grew. It seemed all we needed was one man to say he thought it was wrong, and stand up against it. Then there was a meeting. At first people tried to frighten him but he stood his ground. He made a speech. They all listened. And then they voted to do away with the custom. You could do it here. Why don't you try? All you need now is one good man to start things rolling.

SAM (*almost to himself*): But how?

JACK (*coming to fore. Very sarcastically*): Why, Sam, it's easy. Nothing to it. For instance, you could call this here

a meeting. Why, we have a fairly representative cross section right here. Me that works for the town, postmaster, and odd job man. Call the square dances, do the dirty work for the lottery. Then there's Bill there, one of the farmers. The most superstitious men there is—farmers, but Bill here tried to sneak his son out so maybe he'd like to abolish the lottery. And risk bad crops and drought and starving, eh, Bill?

(*Camera pans down line of faces stopping at each one*)

BILL (*head lowered*): I'm a farmer. I been taught to believe in it. I can't decide against it. Not alone. Not without the other boys.

JACK: And there you have the farm vote. Now there's Tessie, a housewife. Maybe Tessie would like to start a new convention of her own.

TESSIE: Bill speaks for me. I don't know about things like this.

JACK: So the women don't want to change things. What about the town fathers, Old Man Warner? Maybe they'd like to see a revolution in their way of living.

WARNER: We always had lotteries. I've been in seventy-two of them and I never thought of trying to stop one.

JACK: So the town fathers won't back the new order. So who does that leave? Oh, yes, you, Sam. A member of the younger generation.

SAM (*rising*): Well, I don't know, maybe. . . .

JACK: Yessir. That makes up a pretty good meeting. Now all we need is one good coward to run it like the feller here says. One man who don't mind admitting he's not man enough to go through with it. Anybody know a coward who can talk good? Make a fine speech? Bill? Sam? You know anyone?

SAM (*sinking back*): No, I don't know anyone.

STRANGER: The man in our town was no coward. He's respected today.

JACK: Then you go on back there, Mister. We're doing fine. Or maybe you'd like to make a speech.

STRANGER: It wouldn't do any good. It has to be one of your own people. You have to do it yourself.

VOICE: Hey! Where do we register?

JACK (*going back into the booth*): Right here; Sam is taking names.

TESSIE: Let's go home, Bill.

BILL: Yes. (*They go*)

WARNER: Well, I'll be seeing you tomorrow, boys. (*Exit.*)

STRANGER: Sam. (*Sam looks up*) Thanks for the directions.

SAM (*wildly*): Oh, go on, will you? (*Gets up. Starts to push him out and yelling*) All right, everybody. Register in here. Men, women, children.

(*Fade*)

(*Open on Betty Lou's face. She is stony-faced, passive, listening. Sam should be beside her, their faces side by side. The camera stays on Betty Lou's face during Sam's opening speech.*)

SAM: And then Summers said all we need is one good coward to run this meeting. I couldn't step forward then. . . . Well, I couldn't. There were other men there, none of them said anything. Bill Hutchinson who's got a little boy just drawing age, he didn't say anything.

BETTY LOU: Bill Hutchinson's a fool. He's been following a plow so long seems like all his thoughts go in furrows. But you're no fool. You're different. At least you always were till today.

SAM (*angrily*): I did what I could. I got up to say something, but then Jack Summers called me a coward or almost did. And everybody was looking. . . . Well, how'd you like to be married to a coward?

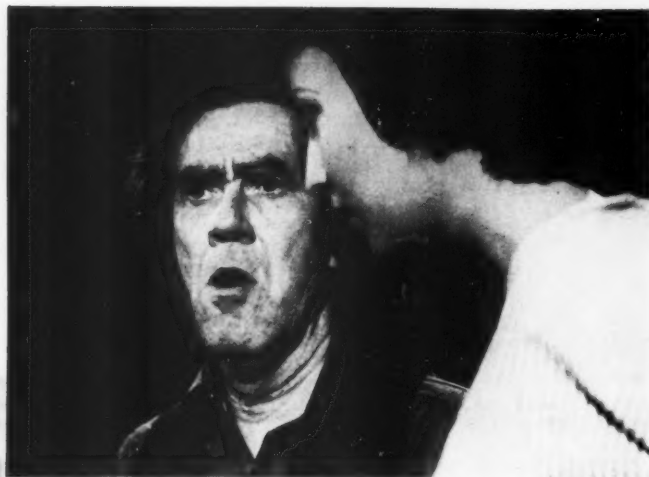
BETTY LOU (*turns to look at his face beside hers*): I am.

SAM (*sits up*): Why you . . . I'd hit a man . . .

BETTY LOU (*does not move*): Go ahead, hit me. That's what Summers does to his wife. And Old Man Warner. And all the rest.

SAM: I don't know why I don't. You're spoiled. I've treated you too good. And this is the way you act. Won't stand behind me when the fight starts. Just like other women. Lottery time comes and you can't be lived with. Well, listen here, things are going to be different from now on. I'm boss, and do the deciding. Do you hear? Do you hear?

(*She does not answer. She goes away from Sam. The camera remains on her.*)



"I slept through it. Woke up just in time to vote. Looked around me at what the rest were doin'. Went with the majority. The majority is always right."

Betty Lou. Listen, Betty Lou. There wasn't anything else I could do. I work for Summers. He'd have fired me sure. I got to work for us, Betty Lou. Honey. Listen, won't you? It ain't so bad. Tomorrow will come and go, you'll see. And Jack Summers will go some day, too. Why things aren't so bad the way they are. The way things are I could be postmaster some day, or even mayor.

BETTY LOU (looking up at him): The way things are you could be anything.

Morning of June 27.

(Closeup of black object the size of an ordinary stone. A little boy's hand comes down to the ground and picks it up. Camera moves after little boy through a door inside a room. Room is kitchen of Hutchinson's house. Very plain and ugly.)

DAVY: Is this the right size, Pa?

(Lottery music starts)

BILL (sitting at table just inside door reading the almanac. He does not look up): Any size will do, Davy.

DAVY: Is this big enough?

BILL: Sure.

DAVY: You're not looking. (No answer. Davy moves to his father, reaches up and holds the coal on the page of the almanac) Is it big enough? Is it too big?

BILL: That's not a stone. That's a piece of coal. (Takes it and puts it to one side on the table) Now, sit up here and wait for your breakfast, Tessie. . . .

TESSIE: Comin'. (She can be seen

moving around in the background bending over the stove.)

Little Davy obediently trots around the table, gets up on the chair and props his face in his hands. The hand that was holding the coal is black. His face also gets smudged.

TESSIE: Bill!

BILL (looking at Davy): Now look what you done to yourself. Let's have the eggs, Tessie. Why don't you sit down? (she does not hear) Tessie! (She starts to sit. As if to a child, Bill gives her directions) Sit down. Take your place at table. (She goes to opposite end) Help yourself to eggs and coffee (He shoves eggs and coffee pot towards her. He goes on eating. She sits still, hands in her lap) Tessie, the eggs will get cold. (Tessie takes one slowly. He leans over and pours coffee into her cup. Davy meanwhile has been gobbling his egg and is almost finished.)

DAVY: Can I have coffee?

BILL: No.

DAVY: Why not?

BILL: You'll stay two feet high the rest of your life if you start drinking coffee now.

DAVY: Who cares? Mama, can I have coffee?

TESSIE (in a whisper and without looking at him): Ask your pa.

DAVY: Whatsa matter, Ma, are you sick again? (interested, but not particularly sympathetic)

BILL: Leave your ma alone.

DAVY: Can I have another egg?

BILL: One's enough.

DAVY: I'm still hungry, Ma, Ma, I'm hungry.

BILL (pushing back his chair): All right, that's enough. Outside.

DAVY: I want another egg.

BILL: Outside, Davy. I told you before you talk too much for a farmer's son. Out.

DAVE: Mama!

BILL (pulls Davy's chair back): Don't bother your Ma now, Davy. Get.

(Davy climbs down. Bill gives him a push out of the way and sits back down in his own chair again.)

DAVY: Can I have my piece of coal?

BILL: No.

(Davy grabs the coal and runs out of range. Bill reaches for him and misses.)

TESSIE (in a dull voice): Let him have it. What difference does it make?

BILL (looks at her and settles back in his chair picking up his fork. He lays it down again): Eat, why don't you?

TESSIE: I'm . . . I'm . . . not hungry, Billy.

BILL: Eat anyway. You want to faint later?

TESSIE: My stomach's so nervous I'd only be sick later if I ate now. Honest, Billy, I can't eat.

BILL (looks at her in complete exasperation. Then he starts to eat savagely): Have it your own way. Only when you faint don't blame me.

TESSIE: Let's be friends today, Billy. Let's go to the lottery friends.

BILL: Sure, Tess, we're friends.

TESSIE: No, not lying friends. I mean really. Like we used to.

BILL: Don't you worry about the lottery, Tess. It's not our first and it won't be the last.

TESSIE: Don't say things like that, Bill. It's bad luck.

BILL: I just have a hunch, that's all.

TESSIE: It's better not to talk about it. Let Jack Summers worry about it. He runs it. It's better for other people to pretend to themselves there's no such thing as a lottery. (There is a sharp blow at the side of the house. Tessie jumps up) What's that?

BILL: What are you doing there, Davy?

DAVY (putting his head in the door. He is grinning): I hit the house with a big stone. I'm practicing.

(Bill drops on his knees beside Davy. Puts his arms around him, then gets up)

BILL: Don't get the boy excited, and get hold of yourself, Tess. It's time to go. Pretend that there isn't going to be a lottery if you want to, but pull yourself together. We'll be friends, Tess, like we said. Just act like there's nothing to be afraid of.

(Scene, the village square. Opens on children piling stones. In the background, Jack's voice can be heard dron-

ing names): Cahill, Cartright, Cawkins, Evers, Foley.

(When he gets to Hutchinson, camera moves to Bill. Bill walks through people to the center of the square where Jack is standing with Sam beside the big black box. Bill puts in his arm, draws out a ballot. He steps back into the crowd without looking at it. The next man steps up.) Johnson, Jackson, etc. (About thirty names)

JACK (holding his own ballot): Now, has the head of every family drawn? (closeups of Sam, Old Man Warner, Bill, Tessie) Has any family not been drawn for? (no answer) Will everyone please look at his ballot?

(There is a dead silence. Camera pans down line of faces. Each man looks, is relieved, holds his ballot up. It is white. The camera stops at Bill. He has not looked up.)

BILL: Davy.

DAVY (pulling his arm): What's the matter, Daddy? What do we do now?

JACK: All right, folks. Who got it? (Camera goes down to Bill's hand. In it is a black spot.)

CRIES: Bill. It's the Hutchinsons. Bill and Tessie, Little Dave, too. He's too young. No, he draws this year. Five. Oh, not Davy.

BILL: Right here, Jack. (steps into ring.)

TESSIE (from the crowd): I won't go. It's not fair. He didn't have time to draw. They hurried Bill through. I saw it. It wasn't fair.

JACK: Will the Hutchinson family please step into the center of the circle? (Drops two white ballots in the box, one by one.) One, two. (Takes ballot from Bill.) Thank you, Bill. Three (Tessie is torn away and pushed into the circle.)

BILL: Davy. Hey, Davy. (Davy comes trotting into the circle. There are sympathetic cries.)

TESSIE (screaming): No, No, Davy, run away. Davy, run!

DAVY (interested): Where, Mama?

JACK: Will the Hutchinson family please draw again? Everybody else stay back (Bill drops on one knee) Come here, Davy . . . Davy, son, put your hand in the box and draw out a ballot.

VOICES: I hope it's not Davy! He's so little. Not Davy.

BILL: Let's see, boy. (Holds up ballot) It is white. (There is a cheer) Run to the back, Davy. Wait till I tell you. (Davy trots off.)

TESSIE: Davy. (It's a whisper)

JACK: Will Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson please draw?

TESSIE: No, No.

BILL: Come on, Tess. It's the rules. You first.

TESSIE: No. It's not fair.

CRIES: Give her one if she won't

take it. Let's get this over with. Hurry up.

JACK: Now, Tessie, it was all fair and square. We all took the same chance. Just draw, like you're told. (She draws) You, Bill. (Bill draws) Now, who's it to be?

BILL: Go ahead, Tess. (She just stares at him. He looks at his ballot. It is blank) You've got it, Tess.

JACK: Will Mrs. Hutchinson please hold up her ballot.

BILL: Hold it up, Tess. Tessie.

VOICES: Come on. Let's see.

(Tessie backs away like a trapped animal)

(Bill goes to her, forces her hand open, finds the ballot, holds it up high. It is black. There is a cry. People start picking up stones)

TESSIE: No. No. Bill. Don't leave me.

BILL: I got to, Tess. That's the rules. Be brave.

TESSIE: Bill! Bill!

(Bill pulls himself away and joins the circle formed around Tessie.)

TESSIE: Help me. Don't. Help me.

JACK: Will the rest of the village please wait for the count of three? One.

(Camera picks up Davy wandering around behind ring of people. He cannot see into ring. He is fondling his piece of coal.)

DAVY: Mama. Pa. What do I do?

When does it start, Pa?

JACK: Don't crowd. Keep it orderly. Everyone ready?

VOICES: Yes. Let's go.

DAVY: Yes. Yes.

JACK: Two.

DAVY: Two. (throws his coal up in

the air. It goes over the heads of the people in front of him. Camera leaves Davy. Goes to Tessie. Coal hits her very softly in the face.)

TESSIE (Screams. Sees coal. Stoops, picks it up. Raises eyes to camera, in a horrified whisper): Davy!

JACK: Three.

(Rocks hit Tessie in the back. She is still crouched, turns, rises, camera dolly away. Long shot of circle closing in. Closeups of people throwing. Tessie goes down.)

Quiet.

Lottery music.

STRANGER (he is walking along, hat back on his head, coat over one shoulder. Stops, squints at the sun. Looks at his watch): Well, it must be over by now. What do you think of that? Seems crazy, doesn't it? Imagine once a year. But it's not only in that little town they have lotteries. People do it other places, too, out of superstition or fear or hate, used to call it persecution. Now, they call it prejudice, but it all means the same thing. A lottery. Lots of people gang up on one person or maybe a family or maybe a tribe, and it always ends the same way. You persecute your neighbor and the next thing you know, it could be your wife or your mother in the center of the circle. Everybody gets hurt. The one who gets the black ballot, or the one who casts the first stone. That's the way it is with lotteries. Like I say, they stopped it in my town. How about yours? (Fade out.)

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"I got up to say something, but then Jack Summers called me a coward . . . or almost did. Everyone was looking. . . . I couldn't step forward then."

By FRANCES WARFIELD

Illustrated by Emerson Barron

Cotton in My Ears

Keep It Secret-

I grew up in Missouri, in the suburbs of St. Louis, in a household of two aunts and three older sisters. We were the four poor rich Warfield girls—poor because we had no parents, rich because our father had been a rich man and we lived in a big white house with tall white Corinthian columns. We were the wards of the St. Louis Trust Company and Aunt Harriet and Aunt May were our guardians.

I was the last one, the little one, the one who couldn't remember her mother. I thought my mother had died long before I was born. Actually, she died when I was one year old. My father died when I was four. I had no memory of him either.

I listened intently to grown-up conversation. Often I knew what the grown-ups were going to want and fetched it without waiting to be told. This was to prove I was as smart and heard as perfectly as my sister Ann did, perhaps even more perfectly.

As long as the family laughed at me, that meant they liked me. It meant they hadn't discovered my secret and I was safe. I resolved to be very funny as well as very good until I was seven and my adenoids were taken out. After that when I could hear the grass grow like everybody else I wouldn't need to be such an all-fired little angel.

I had a private hideaway behind some lilac bushes in a corner of our yard, where I pursued a secret ritual. Eyes closed, fingers in my ears, I would repeat the word "wrinkelstiltskin" seven times. It was a magic formula that was to help me hear the grass grow.

One day my sister Ann surprised me testing my magic: I was crouched in my hideaway with one ear pressed to the ground.

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Book condensation in the author's own words: the warm and humorous autobiography of a gay and sensitive girl who was determined to keep a secret

"What are you doing—playing Indian? I'll play, too."

Ann was several years older than I was and knew a lot.

When we had whooped and scalped a good while I brought the conversation around to the all-important subject.

"Can you hear the grass grow?" I asked, offhand.

"Oh, sure," Ann polished off a war whoop in mid-air. "Can't you?"

Her live black eyes devilish, she dropped to the grass and held her head tipped sidewise, listening.

"Why, goodness gracious, anybody can hear the grass grow," she jeered. "Mean to say you can't?"

"I can hear it," I told her firmly. "I can hear it perfectly if I listen."

• • •

I mustn't let on I couldn't hear perfectly. People didn't like it. It made them scornful like Ann or exasperated like Aunt May and Aunt Harriet when they called and I didn't answer right away.

"She doesn't always answer when we call," Aunt Harriet had told our family doctor a few days before. "Do you think the child may not hear well? Do you think that attack of scarlet fever last year can have affected her hearing?"

"Doesn't answer, eh?" Dr. Benedict had given my ear an affectionate pinch and pulled his huge turnip watch from his pocket. "Maybe that depends on what they're calling her for. Suppose it's a whopping dish of ice cream—any trouble hearing about that?"

He held his watch a foot or so from my ear, and of course I said I heard the watch tick. I wasn't sure I heard it, but I would have sworn I heard hell's bells to please Dr. Benedict. I dearly loved him and planned to marry him.

"She hears all right if she listens." Dr. Benedict nodded. "How old is she—six? Well, let's see—suppose she's very, very good until she's seven. If she is, perhaps we'll take her adenoids out. How would you like that, Miss Cotton Ears? Once we get rid of those adenoids you'll be hearing the grass grow."

I must listen. The doctor said I could hear all right if I listened. But even if I didn't hear I must pretend I did. It wasn't nice not to hear. It wasn't polite. People didn't like it. I must listen hard.

I must never look blank. No matter how much I wanted to, I must never say "What?" "What?" was perilous. "What?" would give away my secret and I'd be exposed to deadly danger.

I could guess what would happen if Aunt Harriet and Aunt May found out the truth. If they made up their minds I really couldn't hear perfectly, they wouldn't want me. That was the deadly danger. They would have me called for by the Charity Guild wagon that stopped at the back door on Tuesdays if you sent word you had something to be called for.

"This child is imperfect," Aunt Harriet would explain to Aunt May. Perhaps she would simply write "For the Charity Guild" on a slip of paper, pin the paper to the collar of my dress, and set me out on the back porch steps.

Wrinkle Arrives

I must listen until I was seven. I must repeat the magic word "wrinkelstiltskin" seven times every day, seven days every week. I must never let on to anyone—especially to my sister Ann, who might very well betray me—that I couldn't hear absolutely everything.

Wrinkle came along at this time. I wanted a close friend. Also, in my world



or aunts and sisters, a boy was interesting.

Wrinkel was invisible and inaudible, which left him free to do and say whatever he wanted. The first time he entered a room he found the exact center of the ceiling and drove in a large invisible staple. He tossed an invisible rope ladder through the staple, festooning it over the tops of pictures, curtain poles, and chandeliers, and climbed over people's heads, listening to their talk and making nonsense of it.

Wrinkel was smarter than anybody—smarter than my sister Ann. For one thing, he was a boy. For another thing, though he could hear as perfectly as Ann could, he didn't care whether he heard perfectly or not. He chose to hear, and to act strictly as he had a mind to.

No one ever jeered at a little boy like Wrinkel. If our cook ever asked him to gather about fifteen apples from under the tree in the yard and he gathered about fifty, Ann wouldn't make fun of him for gathering such a big pile. She'd know Wrinkel distinctly heard the cook ask for fifteen apples but decided, on his own, to gather about fifty. If Aunt Harriet ever sent Wrinkel to her room for the shears and he fetched shoes instead, Aunt Harriet would be respectful. She'd know Wrinkel preferred to fetch shoes, or fetched shoes for a joke; in any case, she'd know he knew all along it was shears he'd been sent for.

Wrinkel kept me safe from danger. When somebody said something to me and I didn't hear it, all I had to do was say, "Wrinkel, oh, Wrinkel, let down your hair!" I'd say it as fast as I could, running the words together. It didn't mean anything—that was the fun of it. When I said "Wrinkelohwrinkelletdownyourhair" it made grown-ups laugh and call me a funny little monkey and the danger of exposure was averted.

When people talked and talked and Wrinkel didn't make sense of what they said, that wasn't because he didn't hear it. It was because he liked to make nonsense by weaving his own name in and out of their sentences.

"It gives me great pleasure to wrinkle Mrs. Wrinkel O'Wrinkelman."

"Mrs. O'Wrinkelman has recently wrinklethurned from wrinklethurn wrinkle of wrinklethurn work in China."

In church on Sundays the invisible Wrinkel swung unconcerned among the highest rafters giving scant heed to the long-winded sermon on the wrinkleth chapter of the wrinkleth verse of the Gospel according to St. Wrinkleth. Straddling the arch above the church doorway as the congregation filed out, he would mimic soundlessly and mock-solemnly, "Good wrinkleth, Miss Wrinklethine—the wrinklethism's better, I hope?" "No better, Mr. Wrinkle, but you're kind to wrinkleth."

Aunt Harriet sometimes told me rather sharply to speak up. If anyone ever told a little boy like Wrinkel to speak up he'd have jeered, "What's the matter—cotton in your ears?"

Those were the Seven Deadly Words: "What's the matter—cotton in your ears?" If anybody ever said those words to me, it would kill me. It would mean the whole world knew the secret thing about me, that I didn't always hear perfectly. That would be the end.

The deadly words were safe with Wrinkel. He'd never use them against a friend like me. He'd use them only to kill the people he and I agreed on.

He killed people off for me all the time. He killed off all the ones I didn't like—the ones who cleared their throats pointedly or raised their voices at me, as if they thought I might not hear them. He killed off deadpans, when they mumbled some questions at me. I'd mumble an answer and when they said the perilous "What?"—that was the signal for Wrinkel to kill them invisibly and inaudibly with the Seven Deadly Words. It was dangerous to kill people, but a little boy like Wrinkel could do it if he wanted to. He was invisible and inaudible; no one could kill him back.

* * *

As Dr. Benedict had ordered, I was very, very good until I was seven and my adenoids were taken out.

"Can you hear now?" my sister Ann wanted to know, as soon as my adenoids had been taken out. "Can you hear perfectly?"

I nodded. My throat was too sore for me to say anything. I was sitting up in bed with an ice collar around my neck eating cracked ice out of a bowl. Nothing had happened. Instead of feeling keen as an Indian brave's, my hearing felt as usual, cottony around the edges. But naturally I wasn't letting on to Ann. "I bet you can't," she said, "I bet you're deaf. I bet you're deaf."

She swung her braids and spun around on her heels. I wished Wrinkel was there. If Wrinkel had been there, he would have killed Ann off for me.

School Is a Game

I wanted perfect hearing by the day after Labor Day, when I was to start school. I'd need good ears for school. Suppose—my heart thumped in panic—suppose a teacher were to put me in the front seat and raise her voice when she spoke to me. If that happened, I'd be queer. The other children would call me Tin Ear. They wouldn't like me. No one would associate with me. Why should anyone? Nobody associated with queer children. I certainly didn't myself.

All I'd have to do when I started at Dean Academy the day after Labor Day was to remember two things. First, to

be very bright, so the teacher would think I heard everything she said. Second, to be very nice, so everybody would like me and never dream there was anything even temporarily the matter with me.

In class I paid close attention, my eyes on the teacher's face. I learned my textbooks by heart. When I was sure of the question, I volunteered to recite. My written work was perfect, my report card a garden of A's. Teachers called me a nice bright child.

Schoolmates called me Prissy because I sat up straight and kept my eyes front. They called me Teacher's Pet because I wouldn't whisper behind my geography book. (I would have whispered but too often I wasn't sure what they were whispering about.) Those nicknames were all right, even distinguished. They didn't mean I was queer.

I heard better when I could see people's faces; therefore I heard better in the light than in the dark. In firelit rooms or on summer evenings on the porch, I would fall into reverie or pretend to go to sleep. I knew dozens of ways to get people to repeat what they had said without actually asking. For example:

Aunt May: "Will you remember to bring me some wrinklelawreedsles on your way home?"

I (dreamily): "From the post office?"
Aunt May (tartly): "Since when does one buy darning needles at the post office?"

I tried hard to be as funny as possible all the time. I invented a sidesplitting story to explain why I took Aunt Harriet's crochet pattern to Mrs. Schlee instead of to Mrs. McGee. I was a daydreamer and a woolgatherer; I faked absent-mindedness, boredom, indifference; I faked illness.

It was a precarious life, but I got away with it. Families don't check up much on who hears what. Besides, the family wanted to believe there was nothing permanently wrong with my hearing. They wanted to believe that when they spoke to me and I didn't answer it was because I was a dreamy adolescent who didn't take the trouble to listen.

When I was fourteen, the new doctor took out my tonsils and said there was nothing further to worry about. I'd shot up so fast my ears probably hadn't had a chance to keep up with the rest of me. I'd outgrow my dreaminess and my habit of not listening.

Meanwhile I worked steadily at making everyone like me. I gave away things I'd rather have kept and often swapped hair ribbons and middie ties to my own disadvantage. I helped the girls with their homework and constantly invited them to my house to make fudge.

It was even more important to make boys like me and keep them from guessing my secret. Imagine, I would say to myself with cold shivers—just imagine having a boy suspect I didn't hear everything.

Invited to a Dance?

One day Roger Evans caught up with me on my way home from school. Roger was one of the best-looking boys at Dean Academy; my best friend Pamela Jones was crazy about him. Roger had taken me to several dances and I felt sure of him, even though I knew Pamela wanted to snag him. But recently I'd seen him walking home with Pamela.

Anyhow, I wasn't going to have her snagging Roger Evans. There was an important school dance coming up.

I had learned by experience to do all the talking when I walked along the street with a boy. Indoors I could keep voices raised by playing the victrola; outdoors I was in danger of missing what was said. I always walked fast, rattling on at random, trusting to luck that when a boy wanted to ask me to a dance he'd call me on the telephone.

But this time my tongue was tied—transfixed between fear that Roger was going to ask me to the dance (he'd be sure to mumble) and fear that he had already asked Pamela.

He said, "Hello." We scuffed along in silence. My heart jolted against my red sweater and my ears set up such a roaring that I couldn't have heard a fire alarm at ten paces. When we reached my gate, Roger asked me a question. It might have been about algebra. It might have been about football, fudge, or fiddlesticks. It might have been about going to the dance.

I opened my mouth but nothing came out of it. What could I say? I certainly wasn't going to say, "What?" Well, hardly. And risk the Seven Deadly Words? Risk having a boy—and Roger Evans of all boys—jeer, "What's the matter—cotton in your ears?"

Mentally I ran through my standard dodges—feeling faint, being absent-minded, and so on. They wouldn't do. A big dance was at stake. And I couldn't just stand there.

I swung the gate back and forth. Suddenly I exclaimed, "Wrinklelo-h-wrinkel-et-down-your-hair!"

"Say, what kind of lingo's that?" Roger demanded.

"Wrinkelingo."

"What's wrinkelingo?"

"Wrinkeli wrinkelthink wrinkelyou wrinkelare wrinkela wrinkelprune," I improvised glibly.

"Come again?"

I repeated it, swinging the gate confidently.

"Wrinkelprune yourself, smarty," he said.

"Yah, wrinkelsap." I swung the gate to and started up the walk.

Roger telephoned that evening and wrinkelasked me to the wrinkeldance. At the dance he and I talked nothing but wrinkelingo. We refined and elaborated it. Ice cream was wrinkelsauce, punch was wrinkelgrog, a coat a wrinkelwrap, a laugh a wrinkelsnicker. Pamela Jones was wrinkelpuss. Pamela was furious. Roger hardly danced with her all evening and, when he did, half the time she didn't know what on earth he was talking about.

That fall I was to go East to boarding school, as my sisters had done, and I wanted perfect hearing before I left. I didn't want to have to contend with cotton in my ears.

Danger Zones

"Hey! Forget to wash those ears last Saturday?"

This was Stella, my boarding-school roommate. She had a clear voice that I heard easily, but, if by chance she said something and I didn't answer, she never thought twice about it. She had livelier concerns than the state of my hearing. She'd sing out, "Hey, what's today—Friday? Almost time to wash those ears."

I didn't mind being teased. It occurred to me, too, that she might be right about my washing my ears. Maybe I hadn't been washing them hard enough. I began scrubbing them night and morning, seven times in one direction, seven in the other; it seemed to me my hearing sharpened.

Drake School was in Connecticut, an hour's train ride from New York City. It was run by two sisters, Miss Drake and Miss Eunice Drake. They were erect and authoritative—exactly what I had expected Easterners to be.

We went often to the theatre from Drake School, both chaperoned and unchaperoned, but we sat well behind the tenth row and all too frequently in the balcony. If the play was by someone already published, like Barrie or Shaw, I could read it beforehand.

Other plays dragged; I'd get bored imagining, and itch to know what the play was about. Naturally I never asked. During intermissions I might inquire offhand what Stella thought would happen next; with luck I'd get an inkling of what had already happened. That is, if I heard what Stella said.

I did so wish people wouldn't talk in subdued tones during intermissions. The curtain fell. Applause. Sudden hush. Then animated talk—but low-pitched, as if the strangers in neighboring seats might be enemy spies. This was true not just between acts at the theatre. Life was full of intermissions.

At football games your companions' voices were comfortably audible above

the yelling, singing, and cheering. At dances you could hear everything your partners said as long as the orchestra played. Then came the intermission, the sudden lull. Voices dropped automatically.

I had danger zones mentally charted under various headings. One such heading was:

INTERMISSIONS, HOW TO COPE WITH

1. Theatre, concert, opera, etc.
 - a. Concentrate on absorbed reading of programs or libretto
 - b. Sit spellbound, implying reluctance to come back to earth
 - c. Rearrange wraps; hunt for something on the floor
 - d. Keep companion lockjawed and silent with large piece of chewy candy
 - e. Pretend to be amusedly eavesdropping on the conversation at your other side
 - f. Visit ladies' room and water-cooler
 - g. Spin monologue
2. Football games
 - a. Be chilly. Muffle ears comically in scarf or laprobe
 - b. Have foot go to sleep. Create noise and laughter by stamping
 - c. Divert escort's attention to getting and consuming of coffee, hot dogs, etc.
 - d. Do tricks. Tear up program; make and sail paper darts
3. Dances
 - a. Continue to sing tune last played
 - b. Ask to be shown a new dance step
 - c. Play cagey; pretend you won't answer questions; you know the answer but you're not telling.
 - d. Read your partner's palm
 - e. Powder your nose; lose something; remember you have to telephone

Even in the East, I told myself with satisfaction, my secret remained a secret. Nobody, I felt sure, had the least idea that I was partially deaf, though some of the girls had the idea that I was part Indian.

Few of them had traveled west of the Adirondacks. They thought Missouri was full of Indians, and I told them this was so. When I didn't hear what somebody said, I assumed a glum Indian expression and made a non-committal Indian reply such as "Ugh!" or "How!" This was so well liked that I was cast as an Indian medicine man in the school pageant. The medicine man had only one line and I didn't get to

say it, as it turned out. When the time came I was so excited I missed my cue; I simply didn't hear it. Everybody laughed at me for getting stage fright.

There had been a delay on my miracle. So far I was getting along all right. I could hold out until time to go to college, I told myself, but no longer.

I behaved myself. No sense in taking chances with my miracle. I wasn't above a guilty midnight ride when one of Stella's prep-school brothers or friends of brothers managed to swipe his family's car. On such a ride a boy could even put his arm around me. But stop the car? Stop the hum of the motor above which voices were easily audible? Not with me along.

I knew a fancy tenor to "Moonlight Bay." Harmony singing was the solution to many a dangerous lull, especially during holiday and summer vacations when I visited classmates in the country or at the shore. To my safety techniques I added an important category headed HARMONY SINGING, PLACES TO RELY ON, under which I listed firelit rooms, porch swings, beaches, canoes and rowboats, moonlight picnics, and the like.

I had some narrow escapes, but on the whole the two years at Drake School went off smoothly. Easterners thought I was amusing, surprising, moody, sometimes daffy, sometimes difficult, sometimes tense, but nobody thought I didn't hear well. At least I didn't think they did.

I met people at the wrong place or showed up on the wrong train occasionally, but in the East as well as at home I had built up a reputation for absent-mindedness. I once heard "week-end guest" as "quite a mess" and got into quite a mess myself as a result.

As always, I worked hard at being nice. I let myself in for some dull chores that way. One spring I let myself in for an endless series of botany walks, carrying a tin box, collecting specimens of *Dryopteris filix-mas* (Boston fern). I loathed ferns and mud and dead leaves, but I had to go. Some soft-spoken pickle-puss had asked me to do something or other and I said yes, just to be nice. When I found out what I'd agreed to do, I kicked myself, but there was nothing for it but to follow through.

Moreover, I got even with botany. Slogging through mud and digging reluctantly in slippery leaf mold for *Dryopteris filix-mas*, I grimly planned a theme for English class. I planned it in the elegant, high-pitched manner of Max Beerbohm, whom I'd discovered recently and adopted as my literary idol. The theme was a success—a mock-serious tirade against ferns, mud, dead leaves, moss, Latin names, and everything that had to do with botany walks. I called it "Oh, *Dryopteris*!" The teacher

gave me A on it and it was published in the Drake School Annual.

College Days

I would have learned more in college if I'd had a name beginning with A or B and thus come naturally by a front-row seat in classes. Most of my classes were large. Seating was alphabetical. Sitting far back among the W's, I passed many a lecture hour doodling around the edges of a clean notebook page, examining the ceiling to find its exact center and thinking what magnificent gibberish my old friend Wrinkel would have made of lectures on Chaucer and Michelangelo and Plato's Theory of the Absolute Good.

After class I read up on Chaucer and Michelangelo and Plato in the library. To make sure what lectures were about, I borrowed my neighbors' notes. My immediate concern at the beginning of my course was to be awfully nice to the W's on either side of me and throw myself on their good nature as a likable scatterbrain who couldn't take decent notes.

It was just as well I was a W, I told myself at the beginning of Freshman year. I certainly didn't want anyone in college to get the idea I had cotton ears, and my presence in the back row of classes was constant proof that I could hear all right. Students who couldn't hear well were given special seats in the center of the front row.

Sometimes, in my classes, there would be silence. The instructor's eyes on me questioningly. A room full of inquiring heads turning to stare. I'd been called on. I'd been called on and I had no ghost of an idea what the question was.

When this happened, I might give a start, indicating that I'd been caught woolgathering. The question would be repeated and I might hear it the second time. Better still, the instructor might turn impatiently to someone else. Or I might fake nausea—passing a hand over my forehead and murmuring I was sorry, I felt a little ill. This would not be entirely untrue. At such moments I would feel a sickish little ball of panic in the pit of my stomach.

Thank goodness, such moments were rare. I did everything humanly possible all through college to avoid recitation. I took as many straight lecture courses as the curriculum allowed, regardless of whether the subject interested me. In courses that involved recitation I used every dodge I could think of to avoid being called on—everything from sliding way down in my seat to stopping at the instructor's desk before class to explain hoarsely that I had a bad cold and couldn't speak above a whisper.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Frances Warfield is the author of *Cotton in My Ears*. She has contributed to *The New Yorker*, *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, *McCall's* and many other magazines. This is her first book.

Sophomore year I was again planning to marry my doctor. This was Boston's great otologist, Dr. Richardson, who had studied in Vienna with the world-famous Dr. Abraham Leopold.

"What's this—measles, diphtheria?" Dr. Richardson asked, the first time I went to see him. "Scarlet fever, probably. That's the villain. Causes more ear trouble than any other childhood disease."

He made me say, "Kay, kay, kay," while he inflated my Eustachian tubes with air from a rubber bulb. Before and after this treatment he tested my hearing with tuning forks of different sizes.

"Seems better," he said. "Come in once a week. If inflation helps, I may try a vibration treatment of Leopold's."

"How long will it take?" I asked. "Oh—no time at all. Ten or fifteen minutes."

"I mean how long will it take to get my hearing up to normal?"

"Looking for a miracle, are you?" I nodded emphatically.

"Well—come in once a week. We'll do what we can."

I Said "Yes"

"Want to go along?" Anna Mary Dodge asked me one afternoon toward the end of Senior year.

"Sure," I agreed. Anna Mary's pretty pink-and-white face looked anticipatory. "When are you going?" I asked her, taking it for granted she was going to the Village Tea Room for fudge cake and hot chocolate.

"The Fourth of July. Do you mean it? Could you really go?"

"Of course." I knew now I had let

myself in for more than a trip to the Village Tea Room. The other girls' faces registered respect and a flicker of envy; apparently this was something good. Oh, well. It was a great life. I was used to it. Before long I'd find out where I was going. Anna Mary would say, "Don't forget—you're doing such-and-such with us over the Fourth." Hope it's a Fourth of July cruise, I said to myself. The Dodges had a motor boat. It was no motorboat cruise, though. I found out I was sailing to England on July Fourth on the *Aquitania* with the Dodges.

But first, I set out to get a job—preferably a job on a newspaper. Armed with the essays an editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* had praised, I had gone to Hartfield, a small city not far from Boston, to be interviewed by the managing editor of the *Hartfield Register*. He hadn't been interested in my essays (the *Atlantic* editor had just praised them; he hadn't published them) but he told me his society editor was taking a leave of absence in the fall and I could have her job if I liked.

I was tickled. I'd be safe in the newspaper world—in all that din of typewriters, telephones, and teletype machines. I wouldn't be a silly society editor long, either. I saw myself with a Press badge, the center of all the shouting at fires, accidents, riots, national political conventions. I saw myself at the theatre, in the first-row center of the orchestra, looking the spit and image of a dramatic critic.

My job was to start in October. Meanwhile I'd go to England with the Dodges. On this first trip I'd learn the ropes of foreign travel. My next trip—to Vienna and Dr. Abraham Leopold, of course—would be made alone.

Seeing London

"The first time I met you, I thought you were French," Princeton Peebles confided as we jolted to the Tower of London in an American Express Company motor coach. "It's something about the way you listen."

"The way I listen?"

"Kind of like a French person who doesn't quite *comprenez*. It's cute. Mother noticed it, too. She thinks you're awfully attractive."

Princeton was an inadvertent conquest. He and Cornell were also in London with their parents; we were staying at the same hotel. Anna Mary and I scorned the two of them; they were moon-faced, still college undergraduates; between cathedrals and museums they gorged hot chocolate and pastry, which Anna Mary and I had given up in favor of the more sophisticated tea and a biscuit.

Princeton and I rode all over London on the top of the omnibus. We watched

Punch and Judy shows, explored Scotland Yard, Baker Street, Fleet Street, and Madame Tussaud's. We lost ourselves for a whole afternoon in the maze of the London Underground.

We went only where there were crowds, noise, and plenty of light. I was risking no repetition of the Roger Evans incident.

• • •

But meanwhile Anna Mary, drat her, had first chance at Cecil Holmes.

Cecil was there with his father, a University professor. Cecil himself was studying for the bar. He was fair and blue-eyed and bonny. He looked the way a Prince of Wales ought to look. Cecil's father knew the Dodge family, and soon Anna Mary and I were invited for a long week end at the Holmes family place in Devonshire.

"The week end will be all tennis and cycling and horseback riding," Anna Mary, the athlete, gloated. "Cecil and his friends are ever so keen on sports. I've told him you're not—that you're literary."

I was to spend the Devonshire week end browsing in the Holmes library, apparently.

Holmes House was old and big and dark. Architecturally it couldn't have been lovelier. Acoustically it couldn't have been worse.

The first morning everyone except me came down to breakfast in riding clothes.

Cousin Bea Holmes, who ran the family, looked out sharply from behind the tall silver coffee urn.

"D'you write?" she snapped at me.

I jumped a little. She had taken no notice of me the evening before. I'd hoped she might never see me.

"Why, yes, I do—a little," I confessed.

"Oh, what fun!" crowed Cecil's young sister Daphne. She was fair and sunny as Cecil and talked in a lilting upward crescendo, the way a young rooster crows. "Cecil, d'you hear that? She rides! She isn't just clevah! She rides!"

Anna Mary looked surprised.

My heart thumped to the floor. I opened my mouth but nothing came out.

One of the guests, a stunning girl named Emily, perfect in herringbone tweed with a crisp white linen stock, put up her eyeglass.

Daphne was thrilled. She'd lend me everything, she declared. She'd love to; she was my size.

"Where've you ever ridden?" Anna Mary asked curiously. Everybody was looking at me.

"Oh—in the West." My voice was faint, coming from a long way off.

It was true I had ridden. I'd had a

ride on a Shetland pony when I was seven. I had had my picture taken, aged nine, riding a camel in Hot Springs, Arkansas. The summer I traveled West with the aunts I had gone on an overnight pack trip in Yellowstone Park. I hadn't done too badly, climbing over steep mountain trails on a tourist-hardened pinto, holding my Western saddle by its horn.

I'd ride Old Nellie, Daphne decided. Nellie was a love, ever so gentle—a bit blind on her off side, remember. How ripping I rode, after all. Daphne had been detailed. I gathered, to stay home and amuse the clevah American while the rest went riding. Her relief was enormous.

I'd be all right on Old Nellie, the groom promised when he mounted me. Steady as a 'obby'orse. Children rode her. He showed me how to hold my reins and told me the names of them. I had never ridden an English saddle, I explained. He rode around the paddock with me while the others were mounting. I was all right. I was tickled.

I grinned inwardly, untangling bridle from snaffle from pinkie, following the others out of the paddock. On the road I gripped with my knees and rose to the trot, imitating the two superb herringbone tweed backs I could see up ahead. I was giggling to myself when an automobile passed Nellie on her blind side.

The car startled Nellie. I didn't hear it coming in time to pull her up. She reared and bolted. I went off her like a shot, landed smack against a stone wall, and knew no more. I knew nothing until I came to in my bed at Holmes House, smelling highly of ether and wearing a turban of bandages.

I wasn't much hurt. My head had needed a few stitches, that was all. I spent the rest of the week end in bed, wearing Daphne's frilliest bed jacket. Everyone spoke up quite clearly when they talked to me. No one thought it odd I didn't hear well through such thick bandages.

Anna Mary was furious. You'd think I'd ridden Nellie and got myself thrown on purpose to break up her romance. I was furious, myself. I hadn't had to fall off Nellie. I was no horsewoman, but Nellie was steady as a 'obby'orse; children rode her. I *could* have stuck on.

The Newspaper World

When I got to Hartfield, I promised myself, I'll have my own apartment. I'll have a living room so small and furniture so strategically arranged that no one can possibly sit too far away for me to hear. I'll have plenty of lamps to lighten the faces of deadpans; I'll have a victrola to keep mealy-mouths' voices

up. I'll have my own telephone and when a lazydog calls up to ask for a date I'll say I already have a date with a quick brown fox.

"Sorry, I don't like you," I said silently to Lazydog Charlie Stone, the *Hartfield Register's* star reporter.

Lazydogs were different from deadpans, mealy-mouths, and shybirds. Lazydogs were attractive men with plenty to say and good strong voices, who simply wouldn't bother to speak up. I had taken a course in typewriting at a St. Louis business school when I got back from England that summer. Like everyone who takes a typing course I had sat forever and ever writing "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog." It tickled me to think of all the quick brown foxes in the world jumping over all the lazydogs, forever and ever—especially over Charlie Stone, the most sweet and maddening lazydog I'd ever seen.

Charlie was long and lean with crisp yellow hair cut short. He went around, Harvard fashion, in an old torn raincoat, baggy slacks, a beat-up felt hat, and very clean blue shirts. He'd lounge into a chair beside my desk, grin a sweet grin, edge around to asking for a date. It was all I could do to hear him.

When he stopped at my desk, therefore, I was brisk and busy. When we met at the water cooler I was preoccupied. Once when we met in the morgue and he started to ask for a date, I glanced at my watch, said "Goodness!" and hurried away. That evening when he telephoned me at home I told him I was going to a concert with Allen Keith, the *Register's* music critic. The next time Charlie phoned I said I was having dinner with the *Register's* chief copy editor, Phil Braley.

I was in awe of Phil Braley. He was a Yale man—big, good-looking, black-haired, sophisticated, several years older than I was. He wore really good clothes, a remarkable thing at the *Register*. It never occurred to me that Phil would notice me, except to help me out with my copy the way he'd help anybody else in the office. When I bumped into him one day at the office water cooler and he asked me to have dinner with him, I was so flabbergasted I spilled ice water all over me.

Phil had been abroad several times, and while we ate lobster in Hartfield he told me about lobster in Paris. He told me that the chestnut trees turn yellow very early in summer along the Champs Elysees and that it is pleasant to take a river boat up the Seine to Chantilly and go tea-dancing at the Pavillon Bleu. He told me about the tiny street near Notre Dame called the Street of the Cat Who Fishes.

I told Phil I wanted to be a writer and he nodded approvingly. "Go ahead. Maybe a good-looking woman can be a good writer. It's a nice idea."

Phil knew everything about writing. He lived at a hotel in Hartfield and you could hardly get inside his room. Keith told me, it was so full of books and magazines. Literary reviews and foreign periodicals. Books by James Joyce and Thomas Mann and Marcel Proust—authors I'd never heard of in college English class. Phil never wrote anything himself. He sat "in the slot"—at the head of the *Register's* copy desk, taking other people's stories over the phone, editing other people's copy with his blue pencil.

I'd been aware of his voice since my first day on the *Register*. He never talked loudly, but his voice had a carrying quality. I could hear it without trying, though the copy desk was clear across the city room from my society desk. I'd hear him on the phone, taking a story, saying, "Yes . . . All right . . . All right . . . Okay . . . Yes . . . Right . . ." at regular intervals. His voice was a great comfort. I wished there were more voices like it on the *Register*.

One Sunday afternoon Charlie asked me to go to the movies with him and home for Sunday night supper with his family. I went to the movies but I didn't go home with him afterward. I wasn't going to be such a chump.

I wasn't going to meet Mrs. Stone until I'd been to Vienna and had my hearing fixed up. I was too devoted to her darling boy, myself. It was getting so I couldn't keep my mind on my work when Charlie was in the office. His desk was several rows ahead of mine and he usually lounged with his feet on it, the beat-up felt hat on the back of his head, staring out the window, fiddling with a handful of paper clips. Charlie was the slowest writer on the *Register*. He'd stare and fiddle and kill time strolling over to the water cooler, stopping to talk baseball and prize fights or argue football prospects with the sports department. He was a great sports fan; I'd have to get to like sports, I told myself, after we were married. Also, Slow Coach Charlie would have to write a little faster after we were married, so we could afford babies and send them all to college.

I'd go to Paris, I told myself. I'd get some Paris clothes and stroll in the Tuileries. I'd see Montmartre. Then I'd go to Vienna and put myself in the hands of Dr. Abraham Leopold. High time I got my hearing fixed up.

I worked at home in the evenings, writing articles I hoped to publish in the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Harper's*. Every week or so Phil Braley dropped

in, whipped out his blue pencil, and riddled to bits everything I had written.

"Look," he told me, when he had me in protesting tears, "you don't have to be a writer. You wouldn't catch me at it—not if the ghost of Shakespeare himself offered to stand at my elbow and dictate a sequel to *Hamlet*. But if you're determined to write, make up your mind to one thing: writing is hard work."

If Charlie Stone telephoned when Phil was at my apartment, I'd tell him to come on over. I was safe with anyone, even Lazydog Charlie, when Phil was in the room. I could always hear what Phil said and from that I'd get a clue to what the other person was saying.

When spring came, Phil and Charlie and I often met for dinner. After dinner we'd walk across Hartfield Bridge in the blue twilight and hang over the stone railing watching the evening sky darken, watching the town lights thicken, full of ourselves.

Phil had a favorite quotation: "Be careful what you want, because you are likely to get it."

Arm in arm, the three of us would walk back to my apartment. We talked about writing. Phil taught Charlie and me, the writers, what good writing is. Phil talked about Thomas Mann and Proust and James Joyce.

In May, Charlie left. He got a copywriting job in a New York advertising agency.

In July I left for Paris. As I went up the gangplank of the *Ile de France* with Charlie, he asked me something or other.

"What?" I said.

I'd been saying "What?" to him all evening. It was exciting and perfectly safe. The next time I saw Charlie I'd be hearing the grass grow. I was going to Paris. From Paris I'd go to Vienna. I had written to Dr. Richardson in Boston. He would work up a summary of my case history in German, Dr. Richardson wrote me, and send it to my Paris address, together with a letter of introduction to Dr. Leopold.

Next spring I'd be back in New York. Charlie would have a job on a New York newspaper by then. I'd get a job on the same newspaper. When Charlie asked for a date I'd say yes. If he asked if I'd marry him—

Back Home

I was back in New York in four months. Paris was marvelous, but there was no point in going to Vienna. Soon after I arrived in Paris I had a letter from Dr. Richardson. Dr. Richardson was sorry—he didn't keep abreast of medical journals as well as he should these days. Checking up on the Vienna

married to him would be fun. I'd need good ears for that.

I'd need to hear what everybody said, I'd need to hear the point of the anecdote, the murmured request for two lumps and lemon at tea. Moreover, I'd need to hear the drip of the leaky faucet, the miss in the motorcar engine, the bang of the loose shutter. I'd need to hear knocks and footsteps and whispers—the phone ring and the kettle boil over and the baby cry.

I went to East Sixty-Eighth Street to Dr. Harvey Graystone, New York's outstanding otologist, to whom I'd been referred by Dr. Richardson of Boston.

He was a kind, scolding, bald-headed, elderly little man. "You know, you ought to be studying lip reading," Dr. Graystone said, tilting back in his chair and putting the tips of his fingers together. "You'll make a good lip reader. Probably been reading lips unconsciously most of your life."

"Heaven forbid," I said with a smile, thinking how Phil would love having a spooky lip reader around. How about a spot of mind-reading along with it? he'd inquire. Did I know other tricks? Could I write with my toes? Walk on my hands?

"You know," Dr. Graystone said reflectively, a week later, "I think you might consider the possibility of getting one of the new electric hearing aids."

I snorted out loud. I couldn't help it. Just imagine me—well-dressed girl, Phil's Dapper Dan—rigged up in an electric hearing aid. What was the man trying to do—lose me my beau?

How Phil would love having a girl around who had a hearing-aid receiver hidden in her hair. Phil particularly liked my hair shingled close so he could rumple it. "Whoa, Junior," I could hear him saying, when he came across my hidden hearing-aid receiver. "What have we here?"

"Don't think I don't know how you feel," Dr. Graystone was saying. But I wish you'd consider it—now, while you're young and pretty and happy and professionally successful—before impaired hearing has done your personality any harm. You're unusually sensitive—imaginative—highly strung. You want a lot from life. You've never accepted or admitted your handicap, even to yourself. So far you seem to have gotten away with it. But you can't get away with it forever. You'll find yourself in an emotional tailspin one of these days."

He was such a kind, fussy little old man. I was tempted to tell him that he needn't worry, that there'd be no tailspin, that I would be cured. Dr. Graystone was beginning to bore me. He was beginning to set my teeth on edge.

"Deaf?" inquired the small advertise-

ment hidden in the magazine section of my Sunday paper. "You don't need to be deaf."

All I needed to do was send one dollar to a P.O. Box in Pennsylvania. By return mail I would receive a bottle of ear oil and a pair of small, invisible metal eardrums to insert in my ears. When I had inserted these invisible eardrums in my ears I would be . . . invisible? Certainly not. I would be able to hear perfectly.

Praise be. I wanted to be able to hear perfectly. I'd send one dollar to the P.O. Box in Pennsylvania immediately. I decided.

"Deaf?"

Not me. Not on your life. I didn't need to be deaf.

"I bet you're deaf," my sister Ann had said, jeering, swinging her shiny black braids and spinning around on her heels. "I bet you're deaf. I bet you're deaf. I bet you're deaf."

Which was it? *Deaf or dead? Dead or deaf?* The two words looked alike. *Deaf or dead?* Make up your mind . . . Which was it? . . . Was I getting hysterical over a silly newspaper ad?

"You don't need to be deaf—dead." Not if you'll send one dollar to a P.O. Box. Not if you'll say "wrinkelstiltskin" seven times. Not if you'll have your adenoids out. Not if you'll take iron and have your tonsils out and stop having colds. Not if you'll be a dear, sweet, lovely child and say your prayers. Not if you'll go to Richardson in Boston and Leopold in Vienna. Not if you'll take calcium, iodine, ultraviolet, cold shots, vitamins, osteopathy, deep-breathing exercises. Not if you'll stand up straight and stop eating so much fudge. Not if you'll brush your hair a hundred strokes and walk fifteen minutes with a book on your head. Not if you'll behave yourself and take no chances with your miracle. Not if you'll use broad a's. Not if you'll tie a new-minted penny to the tail of a kite and send it to a P.O. Box at the edge of the moon addressed to Santa Claus.

I leaned back in my chair, looking up at the ceiling, and laughed and laughed. The room spun around. What was this—an emotional tailspin? Was this the emotional tailspin Dr. Graystone had warned me about?

The little man wanted to rig me up in a hearing aid, did he? He wanted to make me into a mechanical monster, did he? He wanted to humiliate me, did he? While I was still young. Before my personality had been changed. He wanted me to face reality, did he? Far better to face the ceiling.

I found the exact center of the ceiling and drove in an invisible staple, tossing an invisible rope ladder through

the staple. I swung unconcernedly back and forth. I felt like Wrinkel. In fact, I was Wrinkel.

I laughed. I felt the way a little boy like Wrinkel would feel—strong and brave and full of secret glee.

"What's the matter?" I taunted. "Something the matter?" I jeered, spinning around and around. "*What's the matter—cotton in your ears?*"

I was dead. I had killed myself off with the Seven Deadly Words.

• • •

I was dead the next day, when I went to a hearing-aid company and bought myself an electric hearing aid. I was hardly conscious of the dim, funereal reception room and of the middle-aged receptionist, who spoke distinctly, shaping her words with her lips, accustomed to talking to dead people.

I was hardly conscious of the salesman in the inner office who tested my hearing and handed me a small round receiver.

The salesman said, "Good. You're one of the lucky ones. Not everyone can get clear hearing with one of these gimmicks, you know. You wear the receiver under your hair." he sang on. "No one will know it's there. . . ."

No one will know it's there. . . .

You wear it under your hair. . . .

• • •

When Phil came to take me to dinner that evening I was dead.

He rumbled my hair, as he always did. Then—"What have we here, Junior?"

"A gimmick," I told him. This was the end. He'd send me away now. "You wear it under your hair," I said. Then you don't need to be deaf . . . You don't need to be deaf . . . You just need to be dead. . . .

He nodded at me approvingly. "Good girl. I'd been wondering if you wouldn't get one of those, one of these days."

"You know that I'm hard of hearing?"

"Everybody who knows you knows that, Junior."

"Well, I'll be!"

"And nobody gives a darn."

"Well, I'll be . . . Turn your back to me," I said to Phil. "Turn your back and say something in a very low voice. Say, Now is the time for all good men."

"All right." He turned his back. "Now is the time for all good men."

"Whisper something else. Anything at all. Anything you want."

"When are you going to marry me?"

"You mean you really don't mind, Phil? You mean it's all right? It's okay?"

"When are you going to marry me?"

He was such a nice man. I married him.

What Do You Remember?

A Quiz Based on the Contents of This Issue

The Sniper

1. The author provides a slight clue to why the sniper was engaged in the grim business of dispensing death from a roof top. Which of the following explanations fits best with the hint you are given?

- a. The sniper was a cold-blooded man who had the instincts of a killer.
- b. He was an intellectual with a fanatic's belief in the political principles of the party he was fighting for.
- c. He enjoyed the sheer excitement and suspense of exposing himself to extreme danger.

2. Which of the following words best describes the ending of this story?

- a. pathetic
- b. anticlimactic
- c. ironic
- d. melodramatic

A Skeptical Chemist Looks into the Crystal Ball

1. Of the following statements, check the *three* which summarize Mr. Conant's prophecies for the future of the world:

- a. Global atomic warfare is unlikely.
- b. Communistic dogma will soon cease to have many, if any, followers.

c. By 1950, the skills of future scientists will be directed mainly toward non-atomic research for peacetime purposes.

d. By the end of the twentieth century, men will have made considerable progress toward universal disarmament.

e. All our present hopes for the world of tomorrow rest in the hands of the atomic physicist.

2. Conant says that "the year 1984 does not glare with menace in my crystal ball." Check the political situation which Conant foresees for the year 1984:

- a. All nations organized on democratic principles
- b. A world in which national sovereignty no longer exists
- c. Communistic and democratic countries existing side by side

There Is a Man Hiding

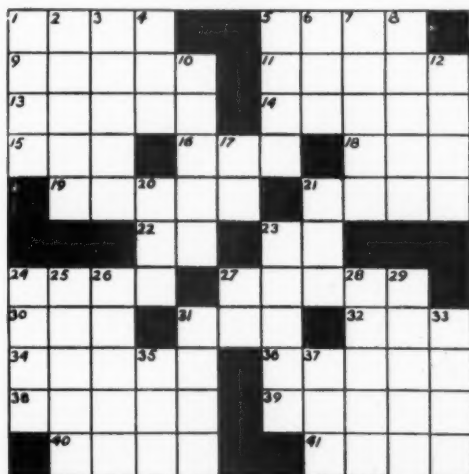
1. In the list below, mark "T" before the statements which express the true circumstances attending Constantine's murder, and "F" before those which do not.

- a. Mr. Topalian, locked in a chest, was carried from his own house to that of Dr. Ghaffari.
- b. Topalian's cousin, George, was in cahoots with Dr. Ghaffari.
- c. Dr. Ghaffari stole the chalice in order to sell it at a higher price.
- d. The body of Constantine was discovered by George Topalian.

Answers in Teacher Edition

Word Score on Word Lore

• There are 48 words in this puzzle. The words starred with an asterisk (*) all have interesting ancestors. See how many of these starred words (there are 20) you can get. Allow yourself three points for each starred word and one point for each of the others. Add a bonus of 12 points if you get all the starred words right. If you get all the words, plus the bonus, you should have a total score of 100. Answers are on page 32, but don't look now. Wait until you have completed the puzzle. Why spoil your fun?



ACROSS

- 1. Pack away for storage.
- 5. Certain size of printing type (in Latin this means "magpie").
- 9. Pertaining to the pope.
- 11. This warning of danger really comes from "a call to arms."
- 13. Very fat.
- 14. Hero in Gershwin's opera.
- 15. A high cliff.
- 16. This literally means "by way of."
- 18. Obtained.
- 19. From the Egyptian comes this word for fertile spots in a desert.
- 21. Not one, but two.
- 22. Chemical symbol for "krypton."
- 23. Abbrev. for "company."
- 24. Comfortable.
- 27. The Hindustani word for "dusty" is the same as this word describing olive-drab uniforms.
- 30. Monkey.
- 31. Grow old.
- 32. Not plural.
- 34. Written or printed slander; this means literally "little book."
- 36. Tiny.
- 35. Painting on a wall.
- 39. Shoes need these (original meaning has to do with the ground you walk on).
- 40. Name of a song by George M. Cohan.
- 41. French for a small pig.

DOWN

- 1. A stain.
- 2. This word meaning "forbidden" comes from a Polyresian word meaning "sacred."
- 3. Now a musical drama, this meant "works" in Latin.
- 4. Existed at one time.
- 5. Mama's husband.
- 6. International Labor Organization (abbr.).
- 7. Goods on a ship (fr. the Spanish word for "load").
- 8. The slang of any special group of persons.
- 10. Bar which rests on fulcrum (fr. Fr. "to raise").
- 12. This word for "legend" comes from the Greek.
- 17. Exists.
- 20. Originally a Norse cloud, this now means heavens.
- 21. Non-poisonous snake which crushes its victims.
- 23. This rival of checkers comes from the Persian.
- 24. Quiet, once meant heat.
- 25. Sleep-producing drug named for flower.
- 26. The word for this striped horse is Portuguese.
- 27. Abbrev. for "kilogram."
- 28. This bear-like animal comes from Australia.
- 29. Small bay or creek.
- 31. Someone on your side.
- 33. Otherwise.
- 35. Hearing organ.
- 37. From the Latin word for "napkin," this means a floor-cleaning implement.

Chucklebait



YOUR OLD HOME TOWN

By Earl Wilson

IN PURSUING laughs across America, I found many a hoary one that's seldom told any more in its home town but that might be enjoyed by outsiders:

The Detroit-Cleveland rivalry once approached that between Minneapolis and St. Paul, and Dallas and Fort Worth.

Billy Sunday, the famous evangelist, while visiting Detroit, asked the Detroit mayor to submit the names of people especially in need of prayers.

Whereupon the mayor of Detroit sent him the Cleveland city directory.

Y, Sirl

Zanesville, Ohio, boasts the only Y-shaped bridge in that part of the country—maybe in the nation. I've ridden across it—it spans the Muskingum River.

Zanesville residents relate that a man was seen walking around town one day with a very black eye.

"Where'd you get the shiner?" they asked him.

"Aw," he said, "a fellow asked me how to get to Columbus, I told him to drive to the middle of the bridge and turn right—and for that he punched me."

They tell of an Easterner making a speech in a Texas town and not doing very well. He noticed the fidgetiness of the audience and decided to finish his talk.

Suddenly a tall, lanky cowboy got on the dais and put his six shooter on the table. The Easterner became alarmed and stuttered.



Drawing by Paul Gettone

"Aw, we're not gonna hurt you," the cowboy assured him. "We're after the guy who brought you."

Gracie Fields tells of the Scot who had left his "wee hoose" in Scotland and come to New York on a visit. He went to a zoo where he quickly inquired about all the animals. "And what's that?" he asked an attendant.

"That's a moose," said the attendant.

"A moose!" he said. "Why, mon, what are your rats like?"

Phone Call

To me one of the warmest stories of all is one about a goodhearted, good humored nobody. The story has human kindness and also human confusion in it.

A man was awakened by the ringing of a telephone at 3 a.m. Sleepily he answered it.

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry I called you at this early hour," said the voice at the other end. "It seems to be a wrong number. Please accept my apologies for getting you up."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the fellow. "I had to get up, anyway, to answer the telephone."

"A woman went to a psychiatrist," Harry Hershfield, famed Iowa after-dinner storyteller, relates. "She told him, 'Doctor, my husband thinks I'm crazy just because I like potato pancakes.'"

"The doctor laughed and said, 'Why, there's nothing at all unusual about liking potato pancakes. I happen to like them myself.'"

"You do?" the woman asked him eagerly. "Then you must come to my house. I've got closets full of them."

Happy Hoosier

Red Skelton is the top Hoosier who continues being a Hoosier.

He and his wife were driving along one night with a Hollywood woman who delights in bragging, and even falsifying, about the prices she pays for clothes.

She mentioned that her coat cost seven thousand dollars. A few minutes later she forgot her lie and mentioned that the coat cost five thousand dollars.

Red, on hearing this, abruptly swung his car around in the road.

"Where are you going?" the glamour-girl guest asked.

"You lost two thousand dollars back there about two miles and I'm gonna go find it!" he said.

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Quan.

CLASSICS—Old and New

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